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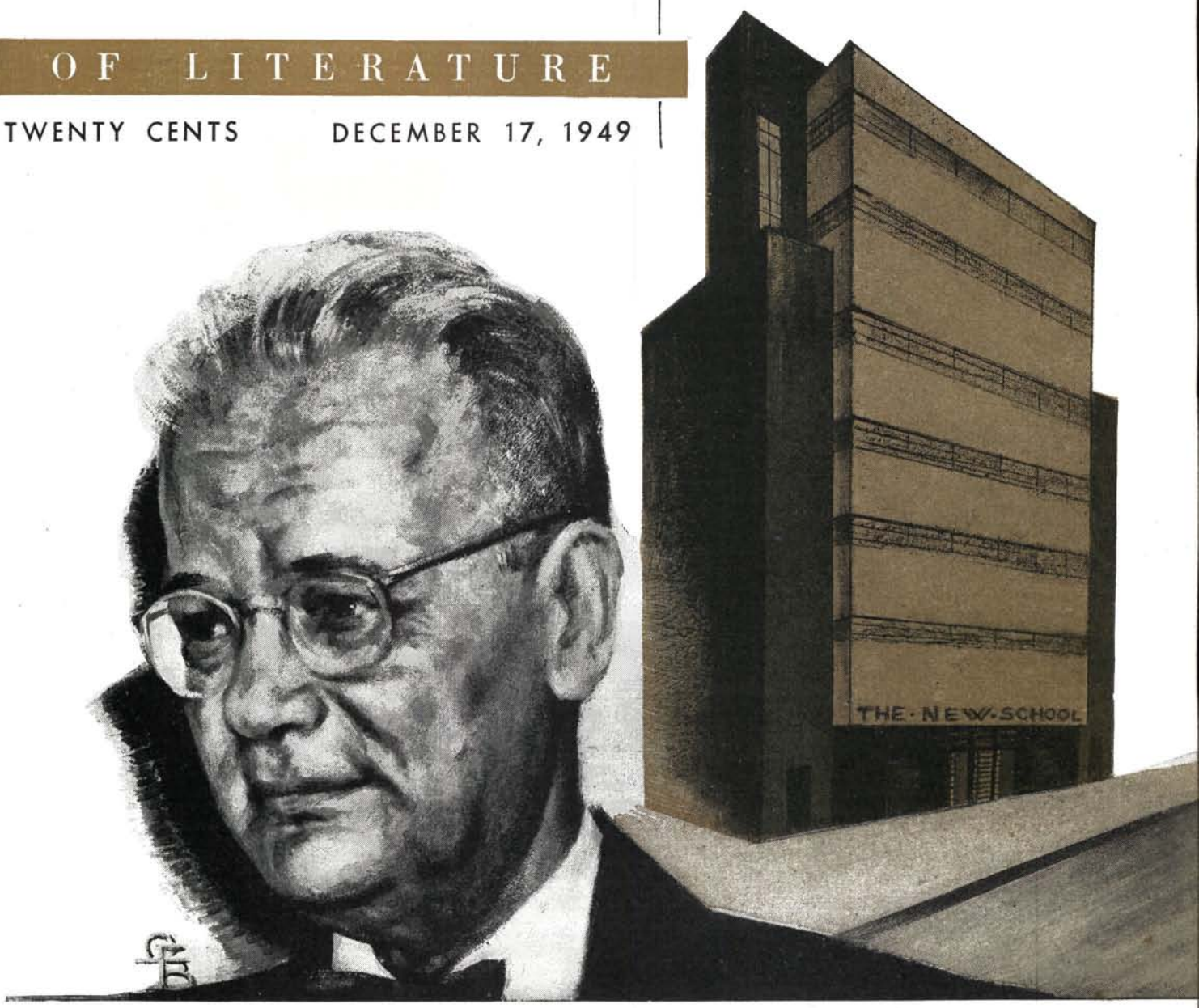

Horace M. Kallen, author of "The Education of Free Men." (See page 9)

Press Pass to History

By HERBERT BRUCKER

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More People want More Books for Christmas in 1949!

In the latest of its surveys on what people would like for Christmas, Sales Management Magazine has discovered that more men and women hope to receive books as holiday gifts in 1949 than ever before.

Here are some of the changes in Americans' Christmas-gift wishes as revealed by this year's survey:*

(Figure indicates change this year in per-cent of total number of those queried who want each kind of gift)

MEN WANT		WOMEN WANT
+ 5%	**Books**	+ 3%
+ 2%	*Radio TV*	— 1%
+ 1%	*Sporting Goods*	+ 1%
—15%	*Wearing Apparel*	— 9%
— 8%	*Jewelry*	— 6%
— 4%	*Household Goods*	— 6%

Buy GIVE-A-BOOK CERTIFICATES *Wherever You See This Emblem*

*Survey by National Analysts, Inc.

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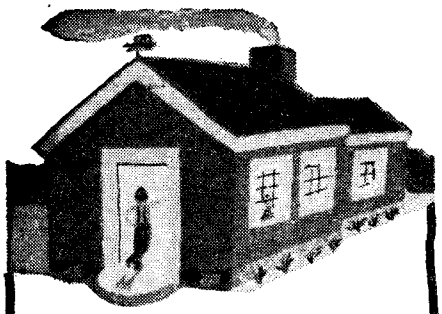

THE BIG WORLD

AND THE

LITTLE HOUSE

By Ruth Krauss

Pictures on every page in full color by MARC SIMONT

"THIS book is put together in the child's way. The broken, lonely, empty house is brought to life by a family, and takes its place in the big world as a symbol of how love and teamwork create peace and understanding everywhere." *H. N. MacCracken* (Past President, Vassar College)

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This Week

December 17, 1949

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Robert Birnbaum, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXII, No. 51, December 17, 1949. *Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.* Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright 1949 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Elio Vittorini

is being hailed by the critics as a writer of the first rank for his moving and beautiful novel

In Sicily

the story of a city man's return to a primitive mountain village in Sicily and how he discovers there the true meaning of his life.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

"Elio Vittorini is one of the very best of the new Italian writers."

ROBERT PICK—Sat. Review

"This is a great little book. Why, once in a blue moon, shouldn't a reviewer admit he's been swept off his feet? You feel the master's hand on every other page."

DIANA TRILLING—N. Y. Times

"A fine and subtle allegory of man's need to return to the primal source of his power and hope."

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

"There is no warmer and sweeter spirit in the world today than that of the Italian and Sicilian peasantry. They are the true nobility of the world, and their spirit has been caught by Elio Vittorini's book *In Sicily.*"

JOHN COURNOS—N. Y. Sun

"A novel of sufficient originality to be a landmark in fiction."

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

"Elio Vittorini is certainly one of the best writers of his generation in Europe."

ROBERT PENN WARREN—The Nation

"This is a simple story, but it is powerful because Vittorini has gifts of evocation, of characterization, of humor, of poetry."

A New Directions Book

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TRADE Winds

THE FOOTBALL season just concluded (with only those synthetic "bowl" shindigs to come) was notable, so far as I am concerned, in one respect: for the first year since I was a freshman in college I didn't see a single contest. I don't know how most of you feel about it, but for me this double platoon system, with a flock of unidentified players running on and off the field in wild abandon all afternoon, just about put the finishing touches to a game that already was reeling under an excess of forward passing, penalties for violations I neither observed nor understood, and show-boat master-minding by the coaches on the sidelines. It used to be great fun to watch recognizable heroes do their stuff both on offense and defense, with everybody aware that once a man was taken out of play he was through for the rest of the half. Under the present system—which may be everything they claim for it as far as the players are concerned—I prefer spending those golden fall afternoons hacking around a golf course under my own power, and alibiing in the clubhouse for myself instead of Lou Little.

There was a funny piece by Samuel Yellen in the November *Atlantic* that carried this platoon business to a logical conclusion. The time is a decade hence when big colleges like Notre Dame and Michigan have developed a special platoon for every kind of play, with a squad of 200 players considered grossly undermanned. There comes the inevitable day when, in all the hub-bub, one varsity's offensive squad completes a brilliant touchdown march only to discover it has been riding roughshod over its own defensive unit! At this point everybody quits in disgust, and Michigan decides to use its new stadium for a revival of Euripides. . . . Speaking of football satires, I reread Joel Sayre's "Rackety Rax" in Tom Stix's anthology "Say It Ain't So, Joe" and found it just as hilarious as when it first appeared in 1932. . . .

TWO FAMOUS collaborators renewed old bonds at a cocktail party the other day: Captain Ted Lawson and Bob Considine, who were responsible for that top thriller of wartime, "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." Both men have prospered. Lawson has done well in the field of aviation. Considine has become one of the most versatile and popular writers in the country.

Here's a story both can add to their repertoire.

A month or two before "D-Day" an English lady gave a dinner in her London home that was attended by many military big-wigs. Despite her great fund of wit and recognized position in society, the hostess had never bothered to find out exactly what rank the markings on her guests' uniforms signified. She was vaguely aware that three pips on an English officer's tab designated a captain, so when an American appeared wearing three stars she genially hailed him as "captain" too, and when he made no move to correct her, continued to address him in that vein.

The conversation got around to the famous first air raid over Tokyo, and the hostess asked the man with three stars, "What did *you* think of it, captain?" He shrugged his shoulders and answered, "I thought it was quite interesting." The hostess was not too pleased with this unemotional response, and later complained, "That American captain was a bit on the clammy side when we brought up the Tokyo raid, don't you think?" "My dear," answered an English colonel, "that American 'captain' was General Jimmy Doolittle." . . .

How to Interpret Some Publishers' Catalogues

"This book has an initial advertising appropriation of twenty thousand dollars" = "We'll try one ad in the *Times*—100 x 2—and see what happens."

"This is easily Miss Gory's most thrilling murder story, with a startling denouement, and mounting tension that will keep you on the edge of your seat" = "The manuscript is not yet in, and Miss Gory is so busy trying to sell first serial rights she hasn't bothered to give her publisher one inkling of what it is about."

"Following the overwhelming success of Mr. Shotwithluck's last novel, this earlier work, just as penetrating, but neglected when it first appeared, is reissued by popular demand" = "Mr. Shotwithluck has made it bloody-well understood that if that earlier work isn't reissued—with all the trimmings—inside of six months, he's off for another publisher like a bat out of hell."

"Advance orders have necessitated a second large printing before publication" = "Let's print 2,000 from type; if it lays an egg we'll at least save the cost of plates."

"This book is the reigning sensation of England and the Continent" = "The boss had to bring home a contract for *something* to justify deducting the cost of his trip—and his wife's—as a 'business expense.'"

"This book has been slightly abridged to suit the needs and tastes of hurried present-day readers" = "Original edition: 2,300 pages. 'Slightly abridged' edition: 384 pages."

Further "interpretations" will be welcomed. . . .

TO START the new year properly, the Brentano branch in Gimbel's, Pittsburgh, forced to contend with major-league competition from such wily operators as Bill McGhee and Joe Estabrook, has come up with a glittering star of its own in Lillian Friedman, lately of Stix, Baer & Fuller in St. Louis, and an all-time favorite of this department. . . . Bernard Rafferty is the new director of advertising at Farrar, Straus, and Betty Winspear has succeeded Pyke Johnson as publicity

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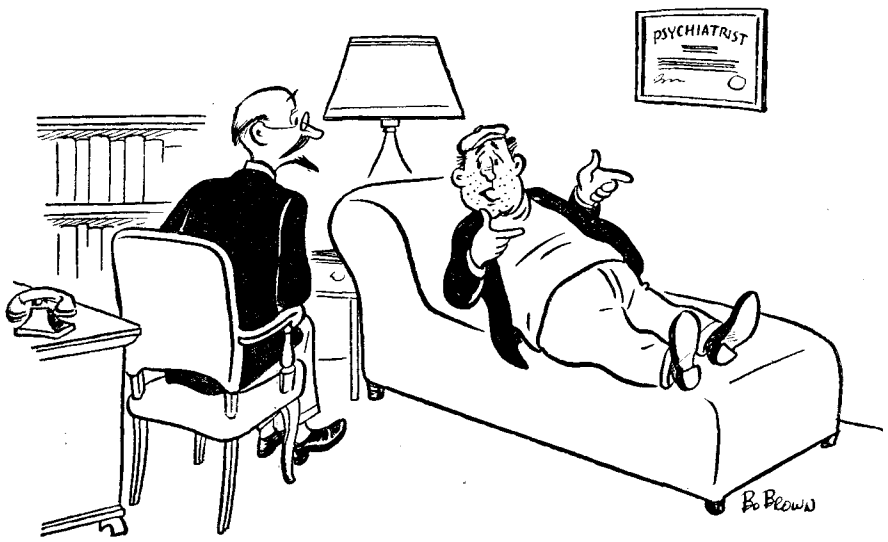
director. Johnson, meanwhile, has moved over to round out Louise Thomas's bailiwick at Doubleday. . . . Storer Lunt, president of W. W. Norton, has been elected to the board of governors of Yale University Press. . . . John Woodburn, whose book reviews have been a bright feature of *SRL*, is the new Manhattan editorial representative of Little, Brown. . . . Truman Talley is the newest addition to the staff of Signet and Mentor books. His late father won fame as the originator of the Fox Movietone News. . . . The noted humorist "Bugs" Baer was guest of honor at a record-breaking Banshee Luncheon last month. For once, somebody else took care of introducing the celebrities. Baer's lovely wife, Louise, recalled another time when a pinch-hitter seemed necessary. Bugs had forgotten his glasses, and couldn't read the notes in his hand. Westbrook Pegler observed his plight, however, and produced his own glasses, suggesting, "Try mine." Baer put them on, blinked incredulously a moment, and snarled, "Say, you people out there are all beginning to look repulsive to me." . . .



"'Stick 'em up,' I say—and people just laugh at me!"

ONE OF THE PLAGUES of the publishing business is the marginal manuscript—one that half the editorial staff favors and the other half loathes. Often it fits into no specific category, nor has there been a previous book like it to help the publisher get a line on how it is likely to sell. What to do: accept it and lose a bundle, or reject and see some rival house parlay it into a book-club selection and best seller?

It would be nice in cases of this sort if the perplexed publisher could follow the procedure adopted by an ingenious friend of mine named Young when somebody asked him to invest in a new cleansing fluid. The question was, of course: would housewives go for it? Young decided there was only one way to find out.

He had been told that Gimbel's in New York had placed a trial order for a couple of dozen bottles. He sought out the proper department at Gimbel's, and found the counter where the product was stacked. While a couple of expressionless clerks watched, he peeled off his hat and coat, cleared part of the showcase, and began giving a Coney Island pitch on the cleansing fluid to everybody who passed by. In no time at all he had quite a crowd about him, but the customers' reactions were not too encouraging. One said the shape of the bottle would make her husband suspect she was taking drugs. Another said, "I've got too much stuff in my kitchen now without adding something new." All in all, Young decided the risk was too great. He retrieved his hat and coat, called up his broker, and used his idle funds for the purchase of a thousand shares of General Motors. Two days later GM declared an extra dividend of three dollars a share.

Of course, if an unfortunate publisher ever did a thing like that, the stock *he* would select probably would be for some worthless "oil" field that pumped up nothing but salt water for the following eight years.

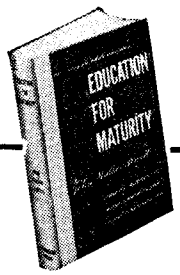
—BENNETT CERF.

The capacity of people to think together...

EDUCATION FOR MATURITY

By John Walker Powell

THIS is an essay on adult group study . . . a story of a type of adult education whose value can be measured by the enjoyment, the deep satisfaction and the sense of reward that keep people participating without a sense of compulsion.



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Every mature thinking man and woman will follow Mr. Powell's observations and conclusions with deep interest. For they concern America's moral leadership as well as the individual's active membership in a thinking society of men. The list of books for group reading and the methods and materials for a complete adult education program contained in the book will enable the reader to enjoy this genuine adult education already experienced by thousands of men and women.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Press Pass to History

HERBERT BRUCKER

SOME years ago a student at the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia University diagnosed his future profession as follows: "The trouble with newspapers is that they are made for people who need sermons, but want circuses."

That simple statement explains why many of us, in our better moments at least, are irritated at the press. And one can see from "A Treasury of Great Reporting,"* edited by Professors Louis L. Snyder and Richard B. Morris, that this is nothing new. The over-dramatized headline, the selection and shaping of facts into a not always accurate pattern, the preoccupation with the odd, the evil, the violent, and the macabre that many of us object to in the press—all this is not primarily the fault of newspapermen. It is inherent in journalism. It is, in fact, inherent in us, the readers. Present company not excepted.

This latest of the S & S treasuries is a gallop across the high spots of printed journalism from the late sixteenth century to Ray Sprigle's series on his tour through the Deep South as a Negro in 1948. There are sermons in this collection. But there are many, many more circuses. Sometimes those circuses are deadly serious, like the first item in the 175 that make up the book. This is a gruesome account, out of a world hard for us to comprehend, of the trial and sentencing of the witch Walpurga Hausmännin of Dillingen in Austria for her wanton liaison with the Devil, as told in a Fugger newsletter of 1587.

By the time of Samuel Johnson, a century and a half later, printed journalism had assumed at least the outline of its modern form. Dr. Johnson complained, in an essay not included in this anthology of factual reports, of the fact that newspapers distributed "the rivulets of intelligence, which are continually trickling among us," far and wide among the populace. So far had it gone that it was "difficult to conceive how man can subsist without a newspaper." Even with the limited supply of rag paper, the modern flood of printed tripe had already inundated eighteenth-century Britain.

Academicians, at least the cloistered sort familiar in the days before the professors took over Washington, used to make a distinction between journalism and literature. To the credit of the two scholars who painstakingly assembled the raw material of this anthology and cemented it together with amazing skill, they started from the premise that the seemingly ephemeral news report of today often enough turns out to be the literature of tomorrow. At the very least, much of it is metamorphosed by the passage of time into history. What Messrs. Snyder and Morris have done is to give us a front-seat as the drama of 300 years of history unfolds into the unknown future.

Thus we are able to visit as in person London's Bedlam, that "Almshouse for Madmen, a Showing Room for Whores, and a Sure Market for Lechers." We do so through the eyes of a reporter for the *London Spy* of January 1699. This was in a day before reporting had assumed an independent form in writing, much as the moving pictures that we now distinguish as screen plays, documentaries, newsreels, and travelogues were originally a single hodge-podge like the first roll of film taken by an amateur with a new home-movie camera.

Slowly the pattern changes as we skip from one peak in history to the next. We go with "King" Hancock, Sam Adams, and their Mohawk

The calamitous news causes a sell-out.

*A TREASURY OF GREAT REPORTING. Edited by Louis L. Snyder and Richard B. Morris. New York: Simon & Schuster. 784 pp. $5.

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Braves to the Boston Tea Party. We watch the battle of Lexington with Isaiah Thomas. We hear the French journalist Desmoulins, who was a participant as well as a reporter, incite the Parisian mob to storm the Bastille. And so on through the bloody days of 1830 and 1848. From the heights before Sebastopol we see, with William Howard Russell, of the *London Times*, a spectacular attack by 600 British cavalrymen through what later became the Valley of Death in Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade."

A *New York Tribune* reporter lets us see what happened in 1859 when a Southern planter puts his human chattels on the auction block; and on the next page we listen in on an interview with God's Angry Man, the wounded and captured John Brown. We are present when Whitelaw Reid watches Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, and we see the same charge again through the eyes of a Southern reporter who seeks to break the news gently to the readers of the *Richmond Enquirer*. This presentation of reports from both sides, incidentally, is a new and useful device that the editors use several times. The *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse* were sunk off Malaya in the black December of 1941. We see the action through the eyes of both attackers and attacked. Many pages later we relive VJ-Day on the deck of the *Missouri* with the help of one reporter for *Yank* and another for *Domei*.

The pageant is chronological. *The New York Times* exposes Boss Tweed, the *Cincinnati Commercial* and *Harper's Weekly* report the Chicago fire. We find Dr. Livingstone in person with Henry Morton Stanley. We stand in the barrack square when Captain Dreyfus is stripped of his insignia and sees his saber broken. We read a somewhat inaccurate but nevertheless first-hand, next-day report of the Wrights' first flight over the sands at Kitty Hawk in 1903. We watch the Kaiser's Imperial Army goose-step, like a gray river of steel, through Brussels in 1914 with Richard Harding Davis. We are torpedoed with Floyd Gibbons and watch Mata Hari die before the firing squad, courtesy of INS. We visit the monkey trial at Dayton, Tennessee, with H. L. Mencken. We attend the final homecoming of Calvin Coolidge to Plymouth, Vermont, with John Shaw Billings, of *Time*.

Somewhere along the way, depending on the reader's age and the acuteness of his memory, history leaves off and only yesterday begins. We penetrate the mysteries of the Reichstag fire of 1933 and eyewitness the preview of World War II in Spain with Ernest Hemingway and with Herbert L. Matthews, of *The New York Times*. Through William L. Shirer's on-the-spot radio broadcast we are present when Adolf Hitler has his revenge in the Forest of Compiègne in 1940. We are stunned by Pearl Harbor all over again, once more with the added perspective of an account of the attack from Tokyo's *Nichi Nichi*. We fight with Ernie Pyle and the infantrymen in North Africa and sit in with the prototype of John Hersey's Major Joppolo in occupied Italy. We wade ashore in Normandy on D-Day and rush with General Patton to the rescue at the Battle of the Bulge. Once more we fly, this time with William L. Laurence, of *The New York Times*, to see Atom Bomb III distintegrate Nagaski. Thence we coast down over the lesser heights to the present.

—*Illustrations from the book.*

The police do battle with the Bonus Army marchers in Washington (1932).

Long as this list here given may seem, it is only a spot check of the whole. In evaluating that whole the editors make much of Matthew Arnold's description of journalism as "literature in a hurry." They speak of reporting as literature in an even greater hurry. Some of the selections, however, are not reporting so much as a reporter's experiences matured in book form afterward. For example, the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria that set off the Russian-Turkish war in 1876 are told by the reporter Januarius Aloysius MacGahan, not from the columns of *The London Daily News*, but from a later book. And so it is with James Creelman's account of that rehearsal of World War II's Japanese atrocities at Port Arthur in 1894 and also when John Reed lives through again in print those ten days in the Moscow of 1917 that shook the world. Reporting does not always suffer if there is time to rework the account into an ordered perspective later.

Incidentally, some of the newspapermen represented in this book, from Daniel Defoe to Charles Dickens and Rebecca West, used to be novelists themselves. And some tried their hand at essays, plays, or poetry. Sometimes it is hard to tell where reporting leaves off and story-telling begins. Alexander Woollcott's tale from the 1918 *Stars and Stripes* of Verdun Belle, the setter with a family who adopted a young marine, makes a wonderful story. But is it, as reporting should be, all fact?

HEADLINES and news stories have a way of losing their meaning, like the tooth of an unreconstructed Neanderthal man, when exhumed from history and exhibited by themselves. But not these news stories, by the time the editors get through with them. To each example of reporting in the whole colorful procession are added a beginning and an ending, often based on meticulous research, explaining why the event described happened, and what followed after.

Well, all of it makes absorbing reading. But what does it reveal about the reporter's craft? The vast majority of these treasures of great reporting deal with blood, butchery, brutishness, or bestiality in one form or another. In this they are only a step behind the rogues gallery of great news pictures, from Hogarth's "Harlot's Progress" to the portrait of Goering's corpse at Nuremberg, that grace the opening pages of the book.

But as noted in the beginning, this emphasis on the morbid does not mean that reporters and editors are more misanthropic than their fellow-

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men. It is not even a reflection on the taste of the editors of the "Treasury." It is just a commentary on what makes news. Laymen constantly deplore the newspapers' preoccupation with the untoward. But it is the mass of laymen themselves, giving testimony as incontrovertible as it is unconscious through what they buy to read, who account for it.

THERE is a classic tale among newspapermen to the effect that if you were to announce a lecture by Socrates on one street corner this afternoon and a dogfight on the other the mob would crowd about the dogfight. All that reporters and editors and publishers can do is to achieve as nice a balance between the two as their consciences and cash registers will allow. If a paper were to ignore the seamier side of life in favor of an exclusive diet of the good, the true, and the beautiful it would end up with few readers. Only *The Christian Science Monitor*, founded in 1908 as a protest against yellow journalism, can get away with it. And the *Monitor* has the organized support of a church behind it. Even so it has had to compromise with Mrs. Eddy's principles to the extent of reporting wars and other disasters or crimes when they are big enough to affect government or the people. And the *Monitor*'s circulation of 163,000, relatively small among metropolitan papers, is testimony to the difficulty of its assignment. Perhaps it is significant that not one story from the *Monitor*, in some ways our finest newspaper, found its way into this anthology. The book offers its own testimony as to what people find good reading.

A study of styles in reporting over more than three centuries, based on the examples chosen, offers further testimony to the difficulty newspapers have in being what in our minds if not our instincts we should like them to be. Kent Cooper, of the Associated Press, is right in saying that the concept of unbiased news is "the highest original moral concept ever developed in America and given to the world." Few critics of the press stop to read journalistic history, still less to read the political, economic, and social comments themselves that were made by the press in the past. These comments are not often gathered into convenient anthologies. If the critics did read the newspapers of the past, they would find that what they love to call the days of the journalistic greats were actually the dark ages of American journalism. Once we are past our colonial beginnings and get to the propaganda reporting of the Revolution, we find that our newspapers were in good part one long series of editorials from the front page to the last.

A varied array of natural forces gradually pioneered the concept that it is a reporter's business to tell what happened, to report honestly what both sides in a controversy said, rather than to stain it in the colors of his own or his boss's prejudice. Our newspapers are still imperfect. They still vary vastly in quality. Slanted news still appears in even our good papers upon occasion. This is journalism for a purpose, rather than journalism as an objective report. Once it was universal. Dr. Goebbels recently practised it, and it is now carried on in their different ways by Soviet journalists and the editors of house organs.

We may like it or not, depending on where we sit. But it has long since ceased to be good reporting.

There are in the later pages of this book examples of modern, factual reporting. But what is interesting is that when the editors set out to select good reading matter from the yellowed pages of yesterday's papers, they tended to choose even for their twentieth-century examples what might be called I-reporting, rather than of the bread-and-butter stories of facts ground out dispassionately. Here as elsewhere the ideal is hard to achieve. Circuses are more popular than sermons.

So it is that in their examples from World War I and World War II and the decades between the editors favored accounts that let the reader feel how close the bullets whistled to the reporter's own head, rather than those that merely told what happened in perspective. It may be, therefore, that in this sense of the ideal rather than the popular this anthology omits some of the best of twentieth-century reporting.

READING first-hand reports from the theatres of battle all over the world between 1939 and 1945, going up in combat planes, or watching an appendicitis operation performed by amateurs in a submerged submarine chased by the Japanese Navy—all this lets us live again the sound and fury, the fear and tension and pain of the war. But when in the midst of these alarms we come upon a calm press-association report, like Edward Kennedy's snafu scoop on the signing of the European surrender at Rheims, it falls flat by contrast despite the majesty of its import. This particular story is included because Mr. Kennedy, whether rightly or wrongly, broke a release date set by General Eisenhower at the behest of his political superiors, and because it was the first news of the official end of the thousand-year Reich. It is not included, as the editors themselves say in calling it a routine report couched in terse journalese, for its sparkle and color. It just doesn't make reading as breathless as the tales spun by intrepid I-reporters of the Richard Harding Davis school.

Then, too, there are here none of the modern interpretive reports on the background of the news that do much to hold self-government together in this confusing age. We welcome home the war dead through the superb artistry of Meyer Berger, of *The New York Times*. But nowhere do we read the background of Washington's strategy in the cold war by Mr. Berger's fellow *Times* reporter James B. Reston and his like. Back

(Continued on page 37)

Daumier reports Napoleon the Little's ride into power on a mail boat, the two-cornered hat of his uncle, Napoleon I.

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Drunk with Ink

JOHN HORNE BURNS

THE American Writer is madder than anything found in a snake-pit. Unfortunately, you cannot isolate the virus of his madness until he's crashed into print. Then it's too late to do anything but burn his books —a practice not yet approved of in America. Yet he can be spotted before he does too much harm. Writers are born with a lust for the printed page; it is realer to them than life itself. They emerge from the womb with a strange conformation of the right hand—and I don't mean the callouses of honest manual labor. Do your first-born's little fingers drum perpetually, as on the keys of a typewriter? Are his grubby palms cupped, as though to hold a pen? Be warned—then he'll grow up to be a writer. Immediate euthanasia should be effected.

For it allowed to survive he will go from bad to worse. He'll beg to be taught to read before he goes to kindergarten, and your wife will be just ninny enough to comply. When seventh-graders are out in the sandlot after school your little monster will be devouring all the books in your library, including a few French jobs you thought you had hidden in the attic. Then he'll turn to dictionaries and thesauruses, reading them from beginning to end. The galling thing is that your wife murmurs that the child is "gifted." And indeed he is, though in a far more hideous sense than those Fauntleroys who recite "The boy stood on the burning deck" before company.

He begins to do fiendish things that will escape you unless, warned by me, you're vigilant. He may write his own newspaper and circulate it through the neighborhood. He will take greater pains with his English compositions than normal children do. He will write short stories on rainy afternoons. His teachers will begin to be frightened of him, muttering about "imagination" and "vocabulary." It's already too late; the die is cast. Another recruit has secretly enlisted in that undisciplined army of men and women who Write Books. They are wonderful and useless all at once, cowards and heroes, dreamers and liars. For a writer is the most non-functional saurian since the pterodactyl. Not only is he mad —he is useless to society. In a wise opinion handed down in Philadelphia, Judge Bok opined that no one had ever been corrupted by a book. But let me add that no one's soul was ever saved by one either, except possibly the Bible.

That urge to appear bound between boards on somebody's library shelf is a psychosis. I can see some justification for responsible journalists. I can even put up with those who write advertising copy; such pen-pushers are fulfilling society's need for facts and propaganda. But for those who spin romances which are called novels, I can see no excuse. Unless it be that the persons who plank down $3.50 for their concoctions are also crazy. I have heard, too, that some insight into life, some deeper wisdom, is to be derived from the perusal of good, of great, fiction. Professors of literature, eager to preserve their vested interest, say so. And thousands of Americans seem to bear them out, since they buy novels as they would nylons, or go to church on Sunday.

Those born with the urge to write novels persist in their folly till death. They are as consecrated as Vincent de Paul, but they do far fewer good works. I am speaking of those who write from some inner compulsion, just as Saint Vitus dancers are constrained to rhumba. I am not speaking of those you meet at cocktail parties who corner you with the plot of a 1,000-page novel they're cooking up. These we can dismiss; they never get the book on paper; they talk it out of their system. No, I am referring to several hundred men and women in this republic who actually turn out novel after novel. It's incredible but true. It's the most hideous loneliness in the world—to set down on virgin paper thousands of words that no eye but your own may ever see. Even your wife won't look at them. In Greenwich Village during the Twenties it was fashionable to insist that you wrote Only For Yourself. But now even this face-saving pose has become old hat; it was the last naive hangover from the Renaissance, when your friends tore your manuscript out of your hands and rushed it to the printer. Gracious no—today everyone writes for publication. Thus many a mooncalf gets spawned on readers, who could buy some good whisky for the same price.

ASSUMING that you've caught the novel-writing bug, and assuming that you have a little more than normal modesty, you may shyly decide that your fifteenth novel warrants transfiguration into print. So you peddle it in brown paper (or in person) to all the publishers you've ever heard of, and some you haven't. You're touched that they at least *read* your typescript. Some may even send encouraging notes that they might be interested in your twentieth. Blanche Knopf will suggest that you go away for five years or so. But the fact remains that they all have rejected your five-pound baby. There's no keener sting in life. For an unpublished novel is less real than a stillborn child. It simply doesn't exist.

Just as you're about to take a powder—and I mean a barbiturate—you come upon the address of a literary agent who, you hear, is honest —not at all like those fabulous personages dressed in million-dollar-bills who have appeared in recent huckster novels. You call upon a handsome and intelligent young woman, who consents to read your novel. She likes it, with reservations. Not until you know her well will you appreciate her peculiar cross: she handles twenty or thirty prima donnas like yourself, each convinced that his latest book is an improvement on Tolstoy. (The place of good literary agents in the next world is going to be very close to the Throne, even if their wings may be made of carbon paper. They *earn* their 10 per cent.) This young woman sells your book. And that, brother, is the end of you. With your advance check you take off on a lost week end. When you

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come to in Bellevue, or under an ice pack, you realize that you'll never be the same again, God help you. For you are a Published Author.

You attend your publication party and are distressed when the guests pay no attention to you after the introductions. You scan the best-seller lists (making fun of them in your mind, but praying you're on them all the same). You groan over the advertising accorded novelists whose books far outsell your own. You will never again read a novel for pleasure—only for the malice of seeing whether your contemporaries are writing better or worse than you. You subscribe to a clipping service and read your reviews as avidly as a hypochondriac bones up on dreadful diseases. Any critic who finds a glimmer of promise in your first published novel is a kindred soul, a true *cognoscente*, a critic who says you are the worst since Harold Bell Wright will be shrugged off as a dunce or a hack; you may even send him your card with an invitation to pistols at twenty paces.

Perhaps you'll be prudent, and wait before publishing your second. It's possible to repeat that baptism of print too early—and again too late. There's a frightening tradition of second novels that resembles the second season of a major-league ball player. Perhaps you may sweat three times as much in the writing of the second as you did with your first. It will avail you nothing. Second novels are doomed from their conception. Critics who liked your first will claw you to bits for not rewriting it with a different title. Critics who hated your first will cite the second as further proof of your aberration. You have two choices: either write a third, or retire to a barred cell with a padded typewriter.

Of course I have written satirically and cavalierly on a subject very close to my heart. The writing of fiction is my breath of life; by my own earlier definition I, too, am mad. And yet I'm happy because I'm doing what I want to do with my life, and getting paid for it. I fear I shall go on writing novels until my compassionate agent comes down with myopia, and my generous publisher discovers that all my books are being remaindered to 39¢ counters.

I believe that the most vital writing in the world today is being done in America. The traditions on the other side of the Atlantic have been shattered along with the cities; the novelists suffer from exhaustion or cult-ism. Unfortunately, some of our American critics languish under a Tory bias. A prophet is without honor *et cetera*, and the second-rate European is still accasionally preferred to the first-rate American. Thus we watch new American novelists being spanked in the public prints for the reason that they do not choose to write like a middle-aged British spinster who never raises her voice above a murmur. Pressure is still put on young American novelists to conform to a critical party line—the axis of which, I suspect, runs from Kenyon College to Cambridge, Massachusetts, with milk stops at the little magazines and the liberal weeklies, all of which adopt a critical tone *plus royaliste que le roi*. Critics of this school would like to spay the wonderful fresh intellectual influences loose in postwar America. Their gods are the unreadable Henry James, the tenuous Elizabeth Bowen, the waspish I. Compton-Burnett, the overrated Graham Greene, the desiccated T. S. Eliot, the garrulously-negating Sartre, the claustrophobic Franz Kafka. I think these same critics would have done Keats to death. And if 100 years ago no one bothered to read American literature, today the whole world is looking to us for books, as well as for the more material aid of the Marshall Plan. Without being chauvinistic, any young writer should be proud to be practising his craft in a country but recently awakened from Puritanism and isolationism. Our literary scene crackles with aliveness. How about Warren, Mailer, Maxwell, Welty, Lea, De Liso, Shaw, and even, in minuscule doses, little Truman C.? A quickened public seems to be supporting them without benefit of book clubs.

Twelve years ago at a New England college which shall be nameless out of deference to Yale men, I was a scared senior standing for my oral examination before the Olympians of the faculty. The grave professors, after a three-hour inquisition, discovered that I knew something of English literature, but little about American. George Lyman Kittredge, looking like a hybrid between GBS and Santa Claus, came to my defense. "Gentlemen," he roared, "American literature really doesn't matter!"

Today I think it does matter. Very much indeed.

John Horne Burns is author of "Lucifer with a Book" and "The Gallery."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

AN AMERICAN COLUMNIST (1881-

After identifying the fourteen well-known literary characters briefly described below, print their names in the spaces just above the description. The initial letters of the characters' names will spell the name of a famous American columnist. Allowing thirty points for the name of the columnist and five points for each character identified, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 25.

1. _____
He was disguised as Charley's aunt from Brazil.
2. _____
After several drinks of gin, he went to sleep for twenty years.
3. _____
He held the world on his shoulders.
4. _____
This beautiful French actress died of smallpox.
5. _____
He was Lord High Executioner for the Mikado.
6. _____
This sweet young thing was adored by seventeen-year-old Willie Baxter.
7. _____
This villain persuaded a jealous husband to kill his faithful wife.
8. _____
Greek goddess personifying retributive justice.
9. _____
She sang: "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world."
10. _____
She lived with no other thought than to love and be loved by me.
11. _____
The portrait of this man grew older while he appeared unchanged.
12. _____
He was Vice President during the administration of John P. Wintergreen.
13. _____
He sent another man to do his courting for him.
14. _____
This friendless weaver was robbed of his life's savings.

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Education. *Ever since the public-supported school and university became firmly rooted in our national life a half century ago, the aims and methods of education have been one of the hardiest perennials for debate in the press and on the platform. The point about which the discussion centers has varied from decade to decade, ranging from progressive education to vocational education to adult education to Great Books. The debate will continue as long as our civilization remains dynamic, for new conditions are constantly producing new goals and new ways of achieving them. The whole problem of American education today is vigorously discussed in Horace M. Kallen's "The Education of Free Men." The as-yet-unrealized potentialities of adult education are the subject of John Walker Powell's "Education for Maturity." And the record of one great state university is carefully chronicled in Curti's and Carstensen's "University of Wisconsin: A History, 1848-1925."*

To Carry Out the American Idea

THE EDUCATION OF FREE MEN. By Horace M. Kallen. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 332 pp. $5.

By Algo D. Henderson

THIS is a book about America and the education it needs to carry out the American Idea. It is a searching book, a critical book, but also a constructive one.

Within Democratic America, which he describes an an orchestration of diverse cultures, Dr. Kallen contends that there are forces at work whose antecedents and methods are authoritarian. The tradition of the schools—inculcation, indoctrination, imposed discipline—is itself authoritarian. The basic job in the United States is to develop the full potentialities in the progressive method, inadequate and maligned as it has been, because it represents the democratic approach to education.

The author is both sincere and candid. He paints brilliant word pictures. But some parts of his analysis seem overdone. His presentations of conflicts in America are so sharply drawn as to arouse defense rather than introspection—he will seem to some of those whom he attacks to have misrepresented their philosophical differences. Certain of his "astronomical" statistics have been inadequately proofed. His characterization of the schoolmarm is the extreme stereotype and his remedy in unionization is too simple; however, a master teacher himself, he makes constructive suggestions about good teaching.

One of the values of the book is his bold analysis of highly controversial issues. He castigates "authoritarian-minded" people, including the Great Book cultists, churchmen like the fundamentalists and the priests, and the militarists. For example, he presents evidence of the authoritarian position and indoctrinal method of the Papal Sacerdotal State. This analysis is severe, but it should present an occasion for open discussion of a matter of growing concern to persons of democratic convictions.

Dr. Kallen's advocacy of education for war is on a plane of high purpose, and he points to a most urgent problem of today; but he fails to show convincingly *how* military training can be "transfigured with the culture of liberty."

There will, of course, be little disagreement with his denunciation of Communism for its dictation of doctrine in history and economics, its warping of science for political ends, its subordination of men to the state.

In contrast with these totalitarian methods it is refreshing to read Dr. Kallen's exposition of the American Idea. He does so with a heart-warming skill. To him the Declaration of Independence was the definition of a revolution in ideas and ways of living as well as a breaking of autocratic ties. It was a change from a freed man breaking his shackles to a free man seeking the good life. It represented a new attitude toward the potentialities for growth in *all* men.

That human nature can be changed is another of the author's firm convictions. And education is a process

THE AUTHOR: Horace M. Kallen, educator, philosopher, and psychologist, smiles off any doctrinal school "except the school of the open mind," any approach to human relations save the pragmatic, a *modus vivendi* he has in sixty-seven years applied to a host of group responsibilities. Planning originally to be a novelist and poet, he taught English at Princeton from 1903-05, but post-graduate work in philosophy proved much too exciting for other pursuit, and after study at Oxford and Paris he returned to his alma mater, Harvard, for a Ph.D. In Cambridge he was close to Santayana and William James, who left his unfinished "Some Problems in Philosophy" for Kallen to edit. Of nearly thirty subsequent books several deal specifically with his vocation, but, though he would concede no differentiation, many more reflect his avocational involvement with lay problems. He has served with the advisory labor committee of the Council of National Defense and the American Labor Conference on International Relations, the Committee of Inquiry on Terms of Peace after 1918, UNESCO (unofficially), the Mayor's committee on City Planning of the City of New York, American Jewish Congress, the American Association for Jewish Education, the Institute of Church and State, and the Presidential Commission on Higher Education. Most recent of his books is "The Liberal Spirit"; most cherished, "The Book of Job as a Greek Tragedy," which has been performed by both amateurs and professionals. His next will be "Patterns of Organization" and the final two volumes of his monumental Art and Freedom Series. Dr. Kallen is the last surviving founder of the New School for Social Research, where he continues to teach full time. After that and his many contributions to various periodicals, including *SRL*, if he feels he must relax, well, he likes to paint surrealist pictures and read detective stories. To interrogators he is a gentle, witty host, though somewhat digressive if the topic be he. "Talking about myself is like chewing gum," he says softly. "There's no nourishment in it." —R. G.

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through which change occurs. "Nurture can transform nature." "Ignorance," says he, "is a form of poverty." Education is growth, starting from wherever the individual is and extending as far as his abilities permit. He sees no proof that any man has as yet reached the limit of his potentialities. In the search for excellence, "the more varied and numerous the sources, the greater the likelihood that it will come."

He warns against a society that results from an educational system that puts everyone in his niche. "Democracy rejects social hierarchy for social mobility, and invariant personality for changing personality . . . Schoolmen educating free men for a free society could well study the arts of releasing the immense energies of the spirit and powers of reason locked up in each personality . . ."

Dr. Kallen's views on the liberal arts will give some educators high blood pressure. And he speaks as a scholar who has searched the classical literature with care for its meaning. First of all, he believes in the discipline of freedom, not the discipline that comes from any form of catechism. The discipline of freedom arises from the interaction of individuals within groups and from the impact of choices made and the results achieved. The group spirit and the members' allegiance evince the discipline of freedom. This is important because the end sought in a democracy is a union of cultural diversities. Hence, limiting the liberal arts to an inculcation of Western culture is an inconsistent and provincial method. Wisdom can be gleaned from

great books, but there is grave danger in using *the* great books when they are taught as the embodiment of truth.

The traditional pattern for the liberal arts, too, is an educational program for the man of leisure of predemocratic times. Everyone today is both a producer and a consumer. Dr. Kallen gives an optimistic view of the enrichment of American civilization that can be achieved when the schizophrenic division between production and consumption in a man's life can be eliminated. The answer lies in education through a union of the vocational and cultural elements. The "root of culture is vocation; the fruit of vocation is culture."

"The works of education must be the freeing of every man's spirit and education's faith the equal liberty of all men." This need is worldwide. It seems to Dr. Kallen to be the only route to world unity and a full life for the individual.

Algo D. Henderson, associate commissioner of education of the State of New York, is author of "Vitalizing Liberal Education."

Fear

By Alma Roberts Giordan

IN THE baffled and dilated eyes of the wren is fear.
Little royal bird is frozen in needled horror.
. . . Writhing his belly along the ancient distance,
By segments he slides with calculated terror.

He coils. The flattened head sways to pipes primeval,
Fixes its darting thread-venom poised for the strike.
. . . Lost wren waiting desperate eons, take heart: my sights
Are fixed between lidless eyes. This killing I like.

This crawling is known to me, this ice-hot bath,
This fascination, this impotent pound of clutched heart;
This throat-constricting, this thing in the tall dank grasses;
This cold-blooded lust with lascivious lips apart.

With various guns I have fought it: with God and physician,
With love in a deathwatch. Brown wren, I have quartered and drawn it,
Split the cruel jaws of fear, burnt its foul nest . . .
But the thing is a Phoenix, and fire and ash seem to spawn it.

Scholarship at Madison

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN: A History, 1848-1925. By Merle Curti and Vernon Carstensen. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press. Vol. I, 739 pp. Vol. II, 668 pp. $6 a volume. $10 the set.

By George E. Mowry

AMONG the many university and college histories which load the stacks of our major libraries only a very few are worth inspection by the general reader. Among these few honorable exceptions this history of the University of Wisconsin unquestionably belongs. Perceiving that the history of a university should be primarily the history of its intellectual life, Professors Curti and Carstensen, eminent practitioners of modern critical scholarship and not local scribes, have produced no narrow work. They have made signal contributions both to the history of higher education in the United States and to the intellectual history of the Middle West. In short, this is a distinguished history of a distinguished university.

Many chapters in these two volumes will, of course, appeal most to the relatively small audience of professional schoolmen and to the friends, alumni, and faculty of the university. The chapters devoted to the rise of the separate schools within the institution are particularly full of the details of academic administration. Others contain lists of long forgotten names of scholars and their equally forgotten achievements. But elsewhere there is much good intellectual marrow here for everyone interested in the forces that shaped the growth of America's state universities. The struggles for co-education and for regularized state financial support are brought out in sharp relief, as is the clash between fundamental religion and the new science of the Seventies and the Eighties. Among the more important contributions of America's state universities to developing educational practice was the emphasis they placed upon utilitarian rather than upon the traditional cultural values. The authors, incidentally, make out an excellent case for the former by showing how the supposedly inferior applied subjects at Wisconsin have advanced and enriched their original disciplines. Thus plant pathology, which grew from botany, has by now made striking contributions of its own to the mother science. Treated with much the same richness of detail are the chapters on the student mind, the rise of athletics and spectator sports, and

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the ever-continuing struggle for academic freedom.

Professors Curti and Carstensen are particularly concerned with the influence of the state on the rising university and that of the university on the state. In addressing the subjects, they have not dodged their obligations to discuss the political and social issues in which the university was deeply involved and which still bring forth fire in Wisconsin. From the time that President John Bascom defended labor's right to organize and strike in 1874 down through the progressive period before the First World War when forty-one professors were appointed to state commissions and on to the present, the University of Wisconsin has had an unquestionably profound effect upon the thinking of the state. Sitting in Bascom's philosophy classes was Robert LaFollette, Sr. How much LaFollette and other students were influenced by the old academician who had rejected *laissez-faire* as a social doctrine is, of course, unmeasurable, and the authors wisely make no hard and fast claims. But by spending a chapter on the social theories of John Bascom, they at least imply a qualitative judgment.

The authors' concern with the factors that make a great university is equally apparent in the two volumes. They put the question precisely and answer it in a general way in an interesting postscript. But perhaps their more detailed answer comes in a speech by Charles R. Van Hise, president of the university from 1903 to 1918, which they have seen fit to print in full in an appendix. Defining the main function of a university as one of inspiring, adjusting, and advancing civilization in all the fields of human effort, including public economy and politics, Van Hise declared: "There is "between the university and the reactionary an irrepressible conflict. We may cry peace, but there will be no peace. Just so long as there are people who believe that the present situation is better than any future situation, who believe that the past is superior to the present, so long will these people criticize and oppose universities."

Measured by this intellectual-disturbance standard, as well as by many others, the University of Wisconsin has done well down through the years. And its continued devotion to scholarly ideals is nowhere better promised than in the publication of these good, honest, and critical volumes about its past.

George E. Mowry is professor of American history at the State University of Iowa.

Learning to Learn Together

EDUCATION FOR MATURITY: An Essay on Adult Group Study. By John Walker Powell. New York: Hermitage Press. 250 pp. $3.

By H. A. Overstreet

"IF MEN are to remain civilized or to become so," wrote De Tocqueville, "the art of associating together must grow and improve." John Powell quotes this sentence as the major part of the thesis of his book. Accordingly, "education for maturity," to him, must have the quality of associating together in the act of learning. This—the learning to learn together—he believes is the vital and enlivening experience that adults need to have and that so few of them, unfortunately, are able to have. His book is an account of some fifteen years of experimenting to find out how this experience of learning to learn together can best be achieved.

It all started with Alexander Meiklejohn's conviction, back in the Thirties, that thinking, among adults, is best done as a shared enterprise, and that the best thing to share is a book that honestly and challengingly grapples with some deep human issue. Even better are two books or three or more that grapple in ways that differ and that put it up to the reader to make up his own mind. In pursuit of this conviction, Meiklejohn in 1933 founded the School of Social Studies in San Francisco. This was no school in the traditional sense, with courses, curricula, and terminal rewards. It was, to put it most briefly, an invitation to men and women who cared about responsible thinking to come together in small groups of twelve or fifteen or thereabouts to do some shared reading about matters that mattered.

—*Fabian Bachrach.*

John Walker Powell—"the give-and-take of equals."

John Powell tells the story—a long awaited one—of this Meiklejohn experiment and of his own part in it, as director, both in its beginning and in its later developments. It is a story everyone with an alert mind and an interest in the intellectual and emotional growth of the adult will want to read, for not only is it told with keen psychological understanding but it makes clear how the group reading of significant books can be an exciting and maturing experience.

John Powell's account is particularly helpful at a time when the Great Books controversy rages among adult educators. Meiklejohn's —and Powell's—experiments are not to be confused with the Great Books classes of the Chicago school. As Powell tells the story, the basic psychology of group leadership and group discussion differs radically from that of the Chicago school. The Meiklejohn and Powell method seems to be more genuinely democratic in that it presupposes that the leader of the group will make himself progressively less necessary as a leader and will increasingly become a member of the group itself, participating in the discussion as one among the rest. The Chicago method, as I myself have observed it, calls for two co-leaders who are permanently set apart as questioners of the group. The Chicago school seems to have taken Socrates as their pattern—Socrates, who could always be counted on to put the other fellow on the spot. The Meiklejohn group seems to have taken the give-and-take of equals in a common consideration of a responsible piece of writing as their pattern.

The author makes out a brilliant case for the difference in process and results between a "discussion" group pure and simple and a "shared reading" group. In the discussion group, as he shows, individuals tend to confront one another directly with their "raw" opinions, so that they almost inevitably develop the antagonisms and face-savings that go with trying to "maintain their position" or "make their point." In a shared reading group, on the other hand, individuals confront one another indirectly, *through the medium of a piece of writing*, so that they have far more chance to look away from one another toward the writer of the book or pamphlet. Venting their opinions on the ideas contained in the piece of

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writing, they find no need to "put up a front" with one another, to "defend their position," or to "win their point." The author's analysis of this difference between discussion pure and simple and discussion that centers in a responsible piece of writing should be of high value to all educators.

To have brought this method of adult education so persuasively to our attention is a great service rendered. This, to be sure, is not the only way in which adults can keep alive and growing—and enjoy the process; but it is a profoundly important way. The chief value of this book is that it records a decade and a half of hard thinking and keen experimenting in the area of adult maturing. The experiment began with a philosophy and a method to match it. The philosophy is reminiscent of E. A. Robinson's line: "I am a reader; and there are books that walk." Meiklejohn, Powell, and their associates believed that becoming readers and walking together with books that walk would carry us a long distance from our prejudiced and puerile infantilisms. They were undoubtedly right, and the fruits of their experiment are now before us. Dr. Powell's description of the transformative experience that individuals undergo as together they focus their minds upon a significant piece of writing is itself a superb invitation to go and do likewise. If and when we decide to do likewise, we can go to an appendix rich with suggestions about books, their sequences, and the intellectual and emotional challenges they contain.

H. A. Overstreet, professor emeritus of philosophy at the College of the City of New York, is author of "The Mature Mind" and other books.

Americana. *A man whose business it is to keep* au courant *with books about the West tells us that he cannot recall a year during which so many important titles were published in his field as* 1949. *California's centennial, of course, occasioned the issuance of a number of worth-while popular histories, picture albums and several new editions of diaries packed with human interest. But other parts of the Western story have not been neglected. Edward Hungerford's "Wells Fargo: Advancing the American Frontier" is now supplemented by Lucius Beebe's and Charles Clegg's "U. S. West," reviewed below. Ray A. Billington's "Westward Expansion," Alfred Powers's "Redwood Country," and Murray Morgan's "The Columbia" are joined by Sidney Warren's "Farthest Frontier," another book of the week. . . . Carl Carmer offers a garland of York State yarns in "Dark Trees to the Wind"* *(see opposite page).*

Reno & Rhyolite Then & Now

U. S. WEST: The Saga of Wells Fargo. By Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 320 pp. $7.50.

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

WHENEVER two books on one subject appear within a short time of each other, in fairness to both it is essential that their differences and similarities be indicated. The late Edward Hungerford's "Wells Fargo: Advancing the American Frontier" was described by the present reviewer (*SRL* Oct. 1) as "a solid and detailed narrative; fact has the call over romance." It would be pat, but quite inaccurate, to report that in "U. S. West" romance has the call over fact. Both accounts are substantial and meaty. Both are admirable exemplars of sound reporting. Both are by experts in the field of transportation. Edward Hungerford was concerned mainly with what Wells Fargo was and did, how it was organized, how it functioned. Messrs. Beebe and Clegg are concerned in large part with the impact of Wells Fargo on the areas which it served. These descriptions, too, are a little too succinct to be fair. The main point is that the books do not overlap or tread identical ground in identical fashion. The one admirably supplements the other, and the student can ignore neither.

"U. S. West" is a rich and lavish picture book, but it is also a book of words. The text is competent, extensive, detailed, lively, and highly readable, but it is most informatively readable if one is familiar with the places under discussion. That is where the pictures perform their most useful service. They *make* the places familiar. One may never have set foot in Rhyolite, Nevada, yet here one can trace its whole history, textually and pictorially, in a matter of minutes. For minutes were the units in which Rhyolite measured its own life. It rose and fell between 1904 and 1909; it was no shack town, but a twentieth-century city of brick and stone and mortar, with a railroad station as substantial, and as large, as those in Stamford, Connecticut, and Elkhart, Indiana. Today two structures, one of them the railroad station (now a beer parlor) remain. Rhyolite is Thebes, Nineveh, Troy in a speeded-up movie. "They say the Lion and the Lizard keep The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep." In the matter of drinking, Rhyolite out-Jamshyded Jamshyd:

—From "U. S. West."

What remains of Rhyolite, except for the Bottle House and the

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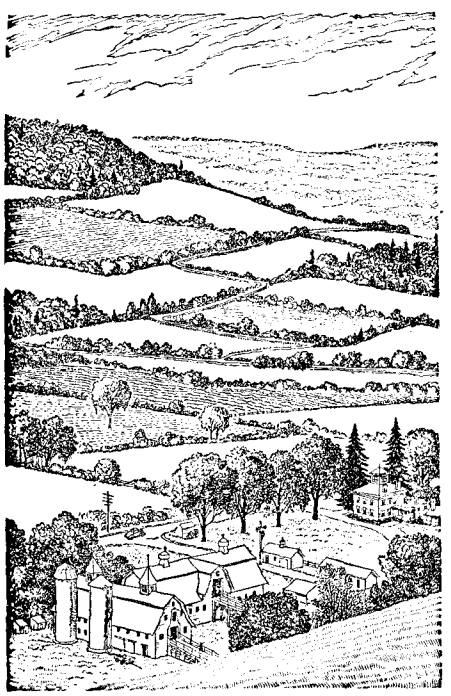
incredible railroad station, is monolithic: stone façades, cement foundations, and bank vaults impregnable to all but time, the great and universal burglar. Its main street has long since rejoined the elemental desert; its sidewalks are collapsed into a treacherous labyrinth of vaults and cesspools and cisterns, its cellarages themselves are repositories for an unbelievable and mountainous kitchen midden of tin cans and bottles, representing an all-inclusive grocer's catalogue, a definitive selection of the potations of the earth.

A town like Rhyolite was, of course, made to order for the Beebe-Clegg team. A good share of the 225 illustrations are then-and-now shots, with the nows carefully taken from the identical locations of the thens. The device has never been employed to more fascinating effect or with more fascinating subjects.

Among the acknowledgments is a tribute perhaps unique in credit lines: "And to Dr. Jeanne Elizabeth Weir, director of the Nevada State Historical Society, a tireless servant laboring on shamefully inadequate allowances from a vastly resourceful commonwealth in the vineyard of Nevada history, we are indebted" and so on. That ought to result in Dr. Weir's either getting fired or having her appropriation doubled. The latter, one hopes. In a few months, perhaps, Eastern tourists trying their luck at Reno chuck-a-luck tables will be able to lose in the high-minded consciousness that the Nevada State Historical Society is going to get a cut.

John T. Winterich is a contributing SRL *editor and author of "Another Day, Another Dollar" and other books.*



Common-Sense Coin & Moonlit Pennies

DARK TREES TO THE WIND: A Cycle of York State Years. By Carl Carmer. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 370 pp. $4.

By Harold W. Thompson

THIS is the best book by Carl Carmer since "The Hudson," published ten years ago. History without folklore is not enough, romance without humor does not suffice; to Carmer these four do not satisfy without a poetic and sympathetic imagination kindled by long affection. He has the formula not for York State yarns alone but for permanent American literature.

"Yorkers have carried two purses through life, one for the hard coin of common sense and the other for pennies that throw back the light of the moon." Six of the fourteen million inhabitants of the state, says Carmer, live north and west of the city and in their guileful way make it pay three-fourths of the taxes. That kind of people is always ready with the hoaxes, tricks, retorts, tall tales, humorous anecdotes, and pawkie "remarks" which are the essence of that American folklore which the author appends to each chapter. For example:

> Other side of the mountains by the St. Lawrence River there was a fella got mad at his neighbor and give out he'd pay five dollars to the man who shot him. The neighbor heard about it and accused him of it.
>
> "It's a lie," said the man. "I might-a said two dollars but I never went over that."

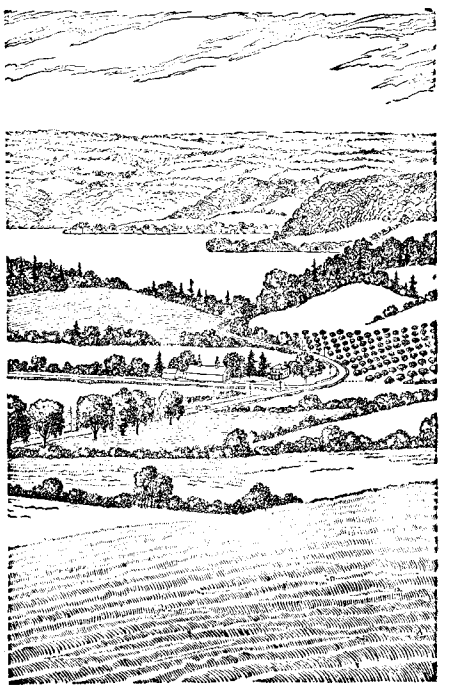
Then there was Old George of Portageville, who had Joe mend his wagon before he drove to town for a barrel of whiskey. On the way home the tail-gate broke and the barrel started rolling down the hill, whereupon George hollered:

> "Roll on! Roll on! Till your hoops turn to silver an' your staves turn to gold! Roll on till you come to the bottomless pit of hell and I'll be there to suck at your bung! And as for Joe—born of pious parents, reared in a Christian community, educated under the Stars and Stripes, in the land of freedom and opportunity for all, and the damn fool can't mend a tail-gate!"

These two anecdotes remind you of Walter Hard's Yankees and Mark Twain's boatmen; the Yorker tradition of humor is American and even international. The oldest setting for a chapter goes back to 1655, when it was fifty-three Frenchmen who escaped from Indians at Onondaga Lake by cramming them at "The Big Eat-All Dinner." One of the most heroic tales is about a Polish immigrant commander of a band of "Hunters" who sailed from Oswego in 1838 to free Canada. The most eerie and poetical of the stories, "The Whooper Swan of Olivebridge," has for hero an Ulster County Russian who mourned his dancer wife and whose spirit joined hers in 1942 when two great birds started a folk tale unsurpassed in charm.

As usual, Carmer revels in eccentrics and in strange folkways. "Hanging Day"—at Cooperstown in 1805—takes a story previously very well told by the late Ralph Birdsall and makes of it a picture as vivid as the genre paintings in the State Historical Museum. Lon Whiteman, famous con man who "never crooked a friend," appeals especially to the author as a townsman and a fellow alumnus of Hamilton College if not as a Sunday school superintendent.

There are many other admirable chapters, but the one written with deepest affection seems to be "Three Crops"—plants, children, and poems of William Christman. That good poet-farmer died only twelve years ago out in the Schoharie region after a rich life of friendship with John Burroughs and other Sons of Whitman. I prophesy that Carmer's chapter will send many readers to the second-hand shops for copies of four books by the man who prayed "to die



—*Illustrations from the book.*

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in silence like a tree." He was York State's Robert Frost.

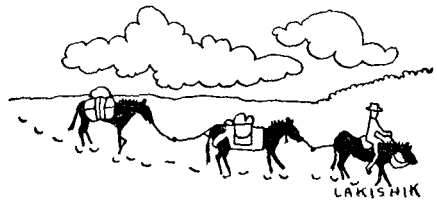
Carmer has been very fortunate in his illustrators, never more so than this time. John O'Hara Cosgrave's pictures are both realistic and romantic; Will Christman's farm is all Yorker farms in a sincere, touching way. Like Carmer's writing, "It lies nice to the morning sun."

Harold W. Thompson, professor of English at Cornell University, is president of the New York Folklore Society and author of "Body, Boots, and Britches."

The Pacific Northwest & How It Grew

FARTHEST FRONTIER. By Sidney Warren. New York: The Macmillan Co. 375 pp. $4.50.

By Murray Morgan



SIDNEY WARREN is a young associate professor at the University of Florida who some years ago fell in love with the Pacific Northwest. Since then he has been doing research in the social history of that region (which he defines as Oregon, Washington, and Idaho) during its pioneer period—up to 1910. This book is the happy result.

Mr. Warren is no great shucks as a story-teller. His pages are flecked with *sics* and pedantic circumlocutions; after all, he *is* a Ph.D. and a history professor. The book smells more of the reading rooms of the Western historical societies and state universities than it does of cedar and ocean salt. But, since the author has read widely and wisely—his bibliography contains references to 570 publications exclusive of newspapers; his notes cover thirteen pages of six-point type—and since he has a sure eye for the important detail and the significant quote, these faults are unimportant. No other book on the Northwest contains such a treasure-trove of historical fact.

It is delightful to learn that a pioneer pastor opened proceedings of a session of the Oregon Territorial Legislature with the prayer "Lord, forgive them, for they know not what they do." It is pleasant—especially to a present-day resident whose rural-route mailman hauls the same cargo—to read of a girl of the Fifties who wrote to her parents that she did not feel isolated since the mails brought the *Oregonian*, the *New York Tribune*, and *Harper's Monthly*. And any modern reader can smile at the review given the pioneer effort of Oregon's first woman novelist. It was bad enough, the critic fumed, to be plagued with unjust laws, bad lawyers, incompetent judges, and taxes with no money to pay them, without having to contend with an authoress.

Since Mr. Warren is concerned with the rise of an *American* culture, he brushes off the very early days in three quick essays, which carry the story of Northwest society through the period of exploration, fur-trapping, and missionary pioneering. It is when he gets to the era of the prairie schooner that his prodigious research begins to pay off and he starts to stud his pages with wonderful extracts; from there on things are pleasantly lively.

There is a fine chapter on the social fabric of the first communities, embellished by a sharp portrait of that most complex of pioneers, Jesse Applegate; a quick sketch of frontier vice and virtue—with vice getting all the play, and a sympathetic glance at the utopias which flowered but did not flourish along the Columbia River and Puget Sound. The later chapters contain interesting—though not particularly acute—studies of journalism, art, literature, medicine, and education as practised in early-day Washington and Oregon.

Perhaps the greatest merit of "Farthest Frontier" is that it shows that even in the new Northwest the roots of social attitudes reach deep. The defensive remarks made by the pioneers about the rain on the Western slope of the Cascades can be found, word for word, in today's editorial columns. The present attitude toward new fashions introduced from the East echoes the complaint of an Oregon editor who wrote in 1851:

> Some do not wear stays, but they wear what is just as bad—tight dresses stiff with whale bone. Now if there be a man in Christendom who can look upon this prison-house instrument of torture and slow murder—this leg-tangling, back-heating, hip-depressing, chest-compressing, arm-imprisoning, breath-stopping, disease-inducing apparatus known by the name of "woman's dress"—and not exclaim "away with the miserable humbug" he is a very small pattern of a man.

And there is the realization that in some ways the old-timers may have handled things better. In 1900, for instance, the University of Washington—now disposing of certain nonconformists—was quick to hire professors who were fired in the Midwest for supporting William Jennings Bryan.

Murray Morgan, a member of the faculty of the College of Puget Sound, is author of "The Columbia," "Bridge to Russia: The Story of the Amazing Aleutians," and "Dixie Raider: The Saga of the C. S. S. Shenandoah."

Palomar

By Lynn Hamilton

A hundred miles southeast of Los Angeles, in a ten-story helmet-shaped observatory atop Mount Palomar, rests the world's largest telescope.

WHAT Mercury is this whose Argus sight
Invades Forever's dark to free a star,
Whose mirror-eye trails nebulae so far
Along the rim of space, their dying light
Is lost in time? What challenge rides with this
Far-fathoming explorer of the sky,
This monad charting with immortal eye
Galactic hinterlands in night's abyss?

What Eye Supernal guides this astral sleuth
That spans a mighty universe's girth,
And brings the firmament's frontiers to earth,
So we, eternal pioneers in truth,
May know infinity is close as mind,
And no frontier too far for us to find.

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Fiction. *It is a tribute to the vanishing season that all three of the principal books of fiction reviewed this week deserve the attention of discriminating readers. "Story" is a summary of the distinguished writing published by the magazine* Story *over the last decade, brought together by that acute and indefatigable pair of editors Whit and Hallie Burnett. Mildred Walker's "Medical Meeting" is concerned with the dilemma of a scientist and his wife whose hopes and love for each other are sorely tested by an unexpected catastrophe. The scene of "The Sheltering Sky," by a new novelist, Paul Bowles, is the scabrous Arab towns of North Africa. Mr. Bowles's book has been acclaimed by many critics who believe that few writers have managed to reveal with such realism and sharp detail the wretchedness of this dying civilization. It is seen through the eyes of a young man and woman who may be the prototypes of another lost generation of American escapists. It has left other critics—for example, our own Nelson Algren—quite unimpressed.*

The Burnetts' Best

STORY: The Fiction of the Forties. Edited by Whit Burnett and Hallie Burnett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 620 pp. $3.95.

By William Peden

IT HAS been said that the editors of *Story* magazine (at that time Whit Burnett and Martha Foley) once received from a disgruntled would-be contributor a noose with which to hang themselves for failing to publish his story. Fortunately, the editors rejected the author's suggestion, and *Story* survived to become one of the more distinguished little magazines of recent years. Like most of the literary magazines, *Story* has had its ups and downs. Year in and year out, however, since its beginning eighteen years ago in Vienna, it has provided a stimulus and an outlet for the fiction writer of talent and integrity who is interested in doing more than supply the mass-circulation magazines with the sort of literary carpentry their millions of readers seem to require.

Story can be justifiably proud of numbering among its contributors many of the major American writers of the last two decades: Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, Erskine Caldwell, and William March; or, more recently, Tennessee Williams, Norman Mailer, and Truman Capote. Perhaps the greatest indication of the magazine's very real contribution, however, is its high percentage of good stories by little-known but gifted and promising younger authors. Comparatively few readers of this fine collection of fifty-one stories published in *Story* since 1940 will be likely even to recognize the names of many of the authors. Yet with very few exceptions all of these stories are worth reprinting and rereading.

Variety is perhaps this volume's most striking characteristic. The selections range in tone from the quiet realism of Morley Callaghan's sympathetic portrait of a young girl ("Very Special Shoes") to the melodrama of John B. L. Goodwin's grotesque but effective *tour de force* of horror and the supernatural ("The Cocoon"). Here are perceptive characterizations of psychopaths in rather terrifying action (like Mel Dinelli's "The Man" or Felicia Gizycka's "Beautiful Summer in Newport") alongside frankly sentimental stories (such as Donald Vining's "The Old Dog" and Alice Farnham's "The Song the Soldiers Sang"). Here, too, are traditionally plotted, full-bodied stories with a beginning, middle, and end (Liam O'Flaherty's "Two Lovely Beasts"); essentially plotless allegories (A. E. Shandeling's "Return of the Griffins"), or symbolic, rather precious, prose poems (Rearden Conner's "The Two Cranes"), and isolated fragments of human relationships during a moment of emotional crisis (Hallie Burnett's "The Little Trout").

Of more than passing interest is the presence of several successful humor stories, a genre which, according to some critics, has ceased to exist: Jesse Stuart's tall tale of Sam Whiteapple's disastrous duel with a ravenous rooster ("The Champion"), Rudolph Umland's breezy story of a spinster who was literally and figuratively carried away by a new-fangled body-beautiful device ("How Beautiful the Sun on the Mountains"), or John Hewlett's quizzical inquiry into the Russian character ("The Russian Gesture"). Similarly noteworthy is the comparative absence of the painfully self-conscious, over-intellectualized Chekhovjameskafka story which in recent years has tended to be the curse of the advance-guard magazine. Finally, the relatively small number of stories of social protest is interesting and mildly surprising, particularly when one recalls that *Story*, although never committed to any declared social program, published during the Thirties more than a few left-wing writers.

It is perhaps churlish and ungracious to question the senior editor's claims of "discovering" certain writers, Truman Capote, for example. However, my own experience as a teacher of writing and occasional editor has led me to question the wisdom of my colleagues' frequent claims of having "discovered" virtually every significant writer from James Joyce to Thomas Wolfe, James Farrell, and Eudora Welty. Further, unless I am mistaken, Capote had been accepted by at least one other editor prior to being published, in 1945, in *Story*, and was published that same year by several magazines, including *Prairie Schooner*, *Mademoiselle*, and *Harper's Bazaar*. In either case, one might more willingly appreciate Mr. Burnett's claims were he to state them somewhat less baldly.

William Peden is associate professor of English at the University of Missouri and director of the Missouri Writers' Workshop.

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Dr. & Mrs.

MEDICAL MEETING. By Mildred Walker. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 280 pp. $3.

By Evelyn Eaton

MILDRED WALKER has chosen for the theme of her eighth novel the courage-against-odds of everyday human beings and their everyday human wives engaged in the eternal struggle of trying to serve God while having to pay bills to Mammon.

The setting is a medical convention in Chicago, the characters doctors and their wives, but it might be any group of men and women drawn together by a mutual interest, a common past, stakes in a similar future, the natural desire to see what life has done to and for the others in the group.

Henry, Paul, Bill, Sam, and John interned together. They are well defined in their differences: easy-going, unambitious Bill, who drinks too much and rises to real heroism; Paul, full of compromise, self-love, and yet penetrating, sympathetic perception; John, who wants to get ahead by means of a crap game; Sam, whose wife divorced him for his single-minded devotion to his work, and Henry, who is obsessed by his desire to find a cure for tuberculosis.

Their wives, Liz, Kay, Alice, Charlotte, and the absent Rachel, have become intimate strangers whom the years have pulled apart. The convention is a turning point, a challenge, a beginning, or an ending to each one of these people in an intensely personal and lonely way.

All the subsidiary characters are alive; their stories are interesting and poignant, but the main threads of the book are woven round Dr. Henry Baker and his wife, Liz, who have left the town of Pomeroy, where he is assistant to the superintendent of a state sanitarium, a small job which he has accepted with all its irksome limitations, in order to be able to pursue his life work of research. He has come to this convention in a state of high hope and excitement, to read a paper which should make medical history. For, after twelve years of patient research, grinding work, and continuing hardship, he has at last brought his discovery of a mold which he believes may prove to be the cure for tuberculosis. The discovery has cost Liz as much as Henry in years of sacrifice.

It would spoil the suspense of the story to disclose exactly what takes place at the convention. Henry faces disaster and Liz makes a tragic discovery. There is no one for Liz to turn to, not even Henry, at this moment of the severest test of their fourteen years of marriage. Now even their desire fails. "When they most needed to ease this day's anguish and frustration, their bodies too knew only frustration and they lay tense and hopelessly alone."

But it is not a defeat of the spirit, it is not a final capitulation for Henry and for Liz. Their courage and integrity leave a way open which the reader is free to believe they will accept. This is a moving, sincere, and convincing story, a regional novel like "Winter Wheat" in a sense. It deals with the triumph of integrity over the compromises and complexities of a small section of American life.

—*Yaw.*

Mildred Walker—"intimate strangers whom the years have pulled apart."

Paul Bowles—"fugitives from Freud [and] a pair of demented horrors."

Sin & Sand

THE SHELTERING SKY. By Paul Bowles. New York: New Directions. 318 pp. $2.75.

By Nelson Algren

SOMETHING had gone wrong with the Moresby marriage. Kit and Port had drifted apart: yet Port had a hunch that a jaunt about the Sahara might somehow close the gap. The notion might have worked out if, at the last moment and for reasons obscure to both, they hadn't asked Tunner along.

Tunner was Port's best friend, "so astonishingly handsome in his late Paramount way," so bland and self-contained and calculating that it comes as hardly any surprise at all that his chief problem in life should be the seduction of his best friend's wife.

And since all the boy has to work with is a twelve-hour train ride in a private compartment, five bottles of champagne, and a passive predisposition on Kit's part it comes as even less of a shock when he brings it off; the only shocking aspect of the affair being the fellow's prodigality with the champagne. A quart of "Blatz" would have wrapped up the package just as neatly and more economically.

Consequently Kit is forced to choose between living with a sense of tragic guilt or with an air of honesty watered down by ennui. Her preference leaves us wondering exactly what she has in mind when she proclaims of her husband, "I love him! I love him so!"

The sad fact is that our three fugitives from Freud are so preoccupied with boring each other stiff that, despite the deftness of Mr. Bowles's prose, the reader tends to go a bit on the nod himself. What rouses him is the advent of a pair of demented horrors, which considerably redeems the novel. Between Eric Lyle, a youthful wreck with a beard on his chin and a toadstool for a soul, and the monster who serves as his mother you'll find as precious a pair as you'd be likely to stumble over anywhere outside a Charles Addams cartoon. Yet the Lyles are actually closer to human shape than the Moresbys, for their motivations spring from more human stuff.

The Moresbys' motivations appear to stem only out of a sense of general uselessness, on or off the Sahara. "We've never managed, either one of us," Kit tells Port prophetically, "to get all the way into life. We're hanging on the outside for all we're worth,

(*Continued on page* 26)

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The Pearls of Publishing

Deserving Books of 1949: Part III

BALLOTS just tabulated in *SRL*'s poll of publishers to unearth neglected but deserving books issued during 1949 add three novels and two historical works to the small group of volumes nominated more than once. They are: "The Witness," "Two Worlds and Their Ways," "Last of the Conquerors," "The Pilgrimage of Western Man," and "Napoleon: For and Against."

On the fifty-one ballots tabulated thus far, eighty-one different books have been named. A complete list of all books nominated by more than one publisher follows:

"The Golden Warrior," by Hope Muntz (Scribner) four votes.

"Guard of Honor," by James Gould Cozzens (Harcourt) three votes.

"Ceremony of Innocence," by Elizabeth Charlotte Webster (Harcourt) two votes.

"Last of the Conquerors," by William Gardner Smith (Farrar, Straus) two votes.

"The Man Who Carved Women from Wood," by Max White (Harper) two votes.

"Napoleon: For and Against," by Pieter Geyl (Yale) two votes.

"The Pilgrimage of Western Man," by Stringfellow Barr (Harcourt) two votes.

"Two Worlds and Their Ways," by I. Compton-Burnett (Knopf) two votes.

"The Twelve Seasons," by Joseph Wood Krutch (Viking) two votes.

"The Witness," by Jean Bloch-Michel (Pantheon) two votes.

As was explained in earlier reports on the balloting [*SRL*, Nov. 19, 26] we have invited leading publishers to nominate two deserving but insufficiently appreciated books issued during the past year—one published by their own house, one by another firm. The books need not have been "flops." They might have received excellent reviews and good sales, but still have failed for some reason to receive the public response they merited. *SRL* will continue printing reports on the poll periodically until every publisher has had his say.

In the nominations printed below, the phrase "published by us" has been used to indicate the house with which the person making the nominations is associated.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

Published by us: "Strategic Air Power," by Stefan T. Possony, has not yet been reviewed in any important book-review medium, though published several months ago. This is the most comprehensive and detailed study of atomic and other bombing yet published in the United States. The readable information this book contains would have enabled any citizen to weigh the evidence given at the recent Navy-Air Force hearings and all other aspects of air power with an informed mind. Also, Dr. Possony's material on international forces outlines for the first time the great and practical difficulties of establishing such forces.

Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.: It may seem strange to nominate as a neglected book a Pulitzer-Prize winner which undoubtedly had at least a sizable sale. In my opinion, however, "Guard of Honor," by James Gould Cozzens, is the one novel written in the past half-century that shows Army and Air Force people exactly as they are. If, with that thought in mind, a few hundred thousand others would read this major novel, the public understanding of Americans in uniform would be tremendously enhanced. JOSEPH I. GREENE, INFANTRY JOURNAL.

Published by us: "A Barbarian in Asia," by Henri Michaux, is one of the best books ever written about the East and the oriental mind. A recognized classic in France. Had unanimously praiseful reviews in the better media in this country, but the book trade never got behind the book and shoved it down the customers' throats the way it deserved to be pushed. Those who read it—the customers, I mean—loved it, but the book trade seems to have an instinctive distrust of anything that is off the beaten track and makes its approach in an unconventional way.

Published by Alfred A. Knopf: "Two Worlds and Their Ways," by Ivy Compton-Burnett. Here is a novelist who really gives her readers something to chew on. There should be as large a public for Miss Compton-Burnett as there is for Henry James. Her work requires the same kind of attention and offers some of the same rewards. Her scope is less broad than that of James, but her humor is considerably more acute than his. She writes comedy of a high order.

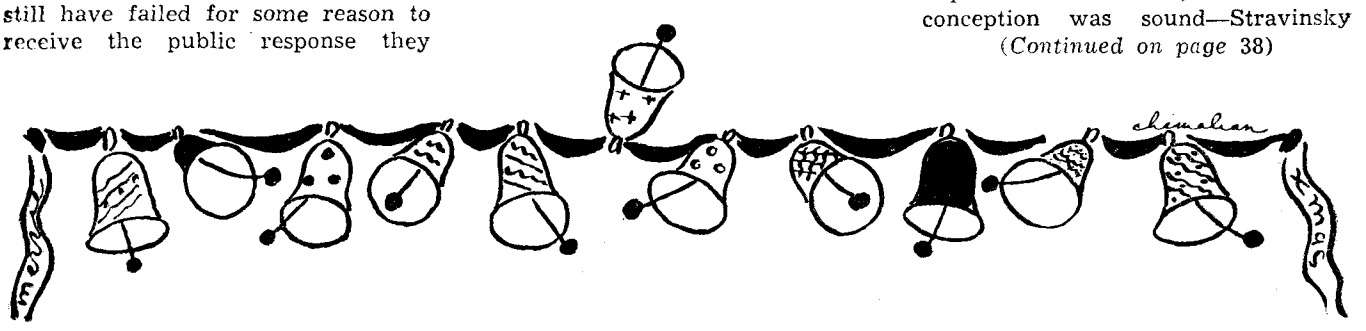
JAMES LAUGHLIN, NEW DIRECTIONS.

Published by us: "The Witness," by Jean Bloch-Michel, a first novel by a young Frenchman, tells, in small compass, one man's life, stripped to its essentials. Its central theme—the destructiveness of moral solitude—is of timely and universal interest. Though hailed by a majority of critics as an outstanding piece of sober, fine, and compelling writing, sales have not corresponded to our expectations.

Published by William Sloane Assoc.: A very beautifully and subtly written account of adolescent experience, which has lost nothing of its intensity by maturing in the cellar of memory is "Olivia," by Olivia. It combines fine writing with moving content, and is a thoroughly civilized book. What its actual sales figures are I do not know, but it seems to have missed the attention it deserves. KURT WOLFF, PANTHEON BOOKS, INC.

Published by us: "Stravinsky in the Theatre," edited by Minna Lederman, fell considerably below our sales expectations. We had every reason to hope for its success: 1) The editorial conception was sound—Stravinsky

(*Continued on page* 38)



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The Writer vs. the Publisher

FOR some time statisticians, investigators, an occasional publisher, and other worried friends of the trade-book publishing industry have been writing articles that read like obituary notices. They are mournfully concerned with the economic health of the publisher who brings out new books to sell through the bookstore to the public. They point out that although the publisher's cash return this year will be about three times greater than it was in 1939 he seems to be slowly dying of pernicious anemia. It costs him 65 per cent more to manufacture and market a book, and his total inventory of mostly unwanted books piled in his warehouse may now amount to more than his capital and surplus together.

Before we start ordering wreaths from the florists, let's examine the patient. He has never been over any long period of time a hale and hearty man. He has a strange constitution; his arteries appear to be made of rubber, and he is remarkably subject to sudden turns for the better on the application of stimulants, injections, and untried remedies which might have no effect on men in other professions. If he runs a small business, the news that a big book club has chosen one of his novels may send him bouncing out of bed in a hurry. His creditors, the printers and bookbinders, whose charges are responsible for most of his troubles, are not only lenient, but for some reason often surprisingly generous.

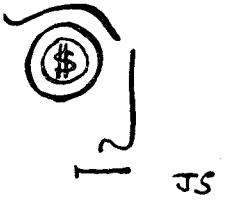
Publishing, like the stage, has always attracted capital from the most unlikely places. It has a connection, though sometimes a remote one, with art and the fascinating world of literature. People who can afford to give dinner parties actually prefer to entertain a poet, a novelist, or a publisher than a banker or a rich stockbroker. It also combines a high degree of respectability with an appeal to the instinct for gambling, for no matter how he may disguise it to himself the publisher is betting on his writers as if he owned a racing stable filled with so many horses. Another miraculous stimulant is the discovery by an editor of a manuscript produced by an unknown young writer that seems to have everything the public and the critics have been looking for. It gives the literary gambler hope, enthusiasm, and something to shout about.

The publisher insists on sticking to a profession whose financial record gives accountants a headache and which bankers regard with suspicion, since they do not understand why they should loan money to a company which hands it over to writers who do not pay interest on their advances and who offer no security that it will ever be returned. In short, trade-book publishing appears to be a business which can attract money from people who do not seem to mind losing it or complain at the lack of dividends. As long as that is true, the public need not pay too much attention to crepe-hangers.

Under these circumstances many publishers have tried to protect their investors by devising a formula under which they publish only those books which they believe will sell from 7,000 to 10,000 copies at least. Few people have paid attention to what is happening or may happen to writers and consequently to American literature as a result of such a formula. It may take as long for a creative writer to develop into strength and maturity as it does for a man just out of college to become a successful doctor or lawyer. It is safe to say that most writers of importance to literature become literary "properties" after their third or fourth book. Few publishers would admit that they could fail to recognize the value of such writers as Sinclair Lewis, Hemingway, Steinbeck, Willa Cather, or William Faulkner, to mention only a few. And yet "Main Street" was Lewis's fifth novel; "The Sun Also Rises" was Hemingway's fourth. John Steinbeck had been writing for ten years before "Grapes of Wrath" was published, though he had won critical acclaim for his fourth, "Tortilla Flat," which could not be published profitably today. Willa Cather's "My Antonia" came out fifteen years after her first book. Would a publisher now bring out her first three books, a volume of poetry and two novels, "A Troll Garden" and "Alexander's Bridge"? William Faulkner is an excellent case to study, as a writer who has twice been close to the Nobel Prize. His first novel might find a publisher, for "Soldier's Pay" was a war book, but it is extremely doubtful if "Sartoris," "The Sound and the Fury," and "As I Lay Dying," dubious financial ventures twenty years ago, could find a publisher in these days. It would be an enlightening and an encouraging experience for any publisher to make out a list of twenty well-known older writers, English and American, who matured slowly, and then ask themselves whether they would today be willing to stay with them over the long years.

THERE are other complaints that writers might make. Once writing was a sound and rewarding profession when a man's books might be kept in print, so that as he grew older his royalties increased over the years; today an author is lucky if even his latest two books bring him any return. Not every creative writer can be elected to the large book clubs or receive the evanescent reward of seeing his name in a railroad station on a paper book, adorned with an almost nude young woman whose likeness cannot be found in its pages. Now that it is

Atomic Age Fables



XXVI: The Sign of Nine

THERE is a home for those whose minds will never grow. Here, the poor children do the same tasks and make the same sounds day after day after day.

"Have you heard about Case Nine?" the first nurse asked.

"No," answered the second, "what did he do now?"

"Nothing at all. He seems to have recovered and will return to society."

"That is odd. How can the doctors tell?"

"It is certain that he has intelligence. He was found selling souvenirs to visitors." —J. S.

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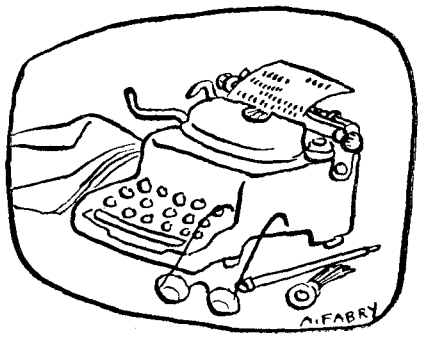

taken for granted that the profits from trade publishing come out of subsidiary rights from which the publisher may take 50 per cent, his prospects are gloomy, indeed, since it is literally his future that is being sold down the river. And what becomes of the writer, a devil's advocate might inquire, who has published two or five books, and whose latest manuscript is sent back to him with an obituary letter from his editor. If he can't write short stories or articles for popular magazines, and has no other trade, or even a social security card, his day is over and his nights are sleepless.

There is a remedy for this evil that may tragically reduce the status of American literature in the eyes of the world. It is no wonder that John Farrar could say in the "English Journal" that the writer has retreated to the schools, colleges, and universities, and now may find a publisher among the endowed university presses. It is obvious that young writers must learn a trade, even that of teaching, and also that there must be more endowments to aid them over the first years. The publishers might establish a special, endowed department for worthy books that cannot meet sales specifications. A percentage of their top salaries, an appeal for funds from institutions or benevolent individuals, a fair arrangement with writers who can share in the expenses of a first edition and thus gamble on their own books—all of these devices and others might be tried.

It is certain that trade, commercial publishers must continually find new talent, and must continue to maintain writers in their formative years. If they cannot do so, either American literature will suffer heavily over the next decade or it will gradually be handed over to public and governmental institutions which will then have the power to restrict ideas and establish foolish standards of political and social morality. If there is any business in which free enterprise must rule, it is the publishing of books. An open debate between authors and publishers might find some remedy for this appalling situation.

—H. S.

Alvin S. Johnson

THE next generation will have to turn on some current in order to match, in a few decades, the men now growing old and retiring from their active duties in American life. Only yesterday we celebrated John Dewey at ninety. Now, on December 18, Alvin Johnson reaches his seventy-fifth birthday. It would be hard to match in any civilization this gruff and kindly, wise and shrewd educator, leader in advanced, pugnacious thought for the welfare of his countrymen. The New School for Social Research, which he founded, has no exact counterpart anywhere in adult education. His University in Exile, organized when many of the best European brains were being driven out of the civilizations they had helped to form, was a noble gesture for the times, which, unlike many gestures, had action behind it, a one-man drive at the beginning, and success and enrichment of American life at the end. We hail Dr. Johnson for his birthday at a time when his achievement is in no sense over. He is the answer to the Great Bear, the Dr. Johnson of the eighteenth century, who was accustomed to growl that the rebellious Americans were born to be feeble replicas of the Europe they had left behind them.

—H. S. C.

Bookmarks

LOOKING over some long-husbanded trash in the ancestral mansion, we found a copy of *The Red Book* for June, 1912, and a close inspection fails to disclose our reason for treasuring it so carefully for the span of Byron's life. The authors included names we readily recalled and names that meant absolutely nothing: Forrest Crissey, Richard Baker Shelton, Hugh Stuart Fullerton, Harris Merton Lyon, Florence Woolston, James Oliver Curwood, Martha Bensley Bruere, Arthur Bottonwood, Ellis Parker Butler, Maibelle Heikes Justice, John Barton Oxford. The advertisers, by and large, were more familiar: Campbell's Soup ("Order at least half-a-dozen at a time"), Postum ("Well boiled, according to directions, it is a comforting drink resembling Java coffee in color and taste"), Coca-Cola ("Satisfies to a T"), B.V.D. ("Soft to the skin"), Chicago School of Nursing ("Earn $12 to $30 a week"), Hamburg-American Line ("Around the world, 110 days, $650 and up"), Reo Motor Car Company ("Self-starter, if wanted, $20 extra"). It seems hardly likely that, even then, we were obsessed with the potentialities of Sargol: "Thousands of thin people have increased their weight by using it. Often it puts on flesh at a rapid rate. It is the most wonderful flesh builder ever discovered." Why don't old magazines *tell* why people save them?

* * *

This department hereby initiates Campaign XB477-3, which is designed to improve the method of annotating books in which the notes are assembled by chapters at the end of the whole text. The method in almost universal use today is to begin each chapter's notes with 1. The terminal notes, therefore, present a sequence of numeral-groups beginning with 1 and running as high as necessary. To refer to a terminal note, the reader must first look back and identify the number of the chapter he is reading (some people, but certainly not many, carry this sort of thing in their heads as they go along). It doesn't sound hard, and it isn't in the telling, but in practice it becomes a major annoyance. An obvious way out is to number the notes consecutively throughout the complete text, without regard for chapter divisions. This, of course, would quickly run the numerals up to three digits, and it was precisely to avoid this sort of typographical lumpiness that the chapter-by-chapter method was devised. But in this way the notes can be immediately referred to, and that, in our view, is more important than the visual difference between 22 and 222. The substitution of letters for numerals might offer a way out—AA, AB, AC for Chapter I, BA, BB, BC for Chapter II, and so on. That device would permit 676 notes, none over two places wide, and 676 notes is enough for any book.

* * *

In Boston's North Station the Boston & Maine Railroad has set up tables "for the exclusive use of students—commuters on our lines—who desire to get a start on home lessons while waiting for trains." The plan, we find, has been in operation for several years, but we get to Boston so infrequently that we saw the setup for the first time just the other day. Several young men were taking advantage of it, and they were not scenery, either, for they all appeared to be having a go at spherical trigonometry, and nobody tackles a thing like that except for real.

—J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To a Gentleman at Wayne University

SIR: Your question [whether the study of Latin has any value to writers and readers of English] raises a topic of such interest and of such ancient fishy savor that I wish there were time to exhaust ourselves upon it. Like poor old Matt Arnold, the lip-servant of ancient tongues hears your legions thunder past and plunges in thought again. Or, with Tennyson, finds all the charm of all the Muses flowering in a lonely word. So, with that wandering cuckoo-voice J. Fidler, he "respectively suggests":

I would certainly give every high-school pupil the opportunity of studying Latin, as I would give him equal opportunity to learn what makes heat rise in the pipes or gasoline vapors explode. I would quickly shill him off if he finds no delight therein. There are plenty of excellent minds that find no pleasure in shaking the dice-cup for verbal cubes. For them the great unwritten anthem is still blank paper: the Anthem for Boeotia.

Since you insist: my own meager smattering among Latin roots has been pure joy. It has given me the severe pleasure of being sneered at by many reviewers, whose stark ignorance of the mere salt-crystals of our speech makes them howl Nocompree at the least twinge of usage. I am astounded (which no one enjoys?) by letters of reproach that reach me for having used familiar roots in fresh foliage. By now one is damned for loving the literature of our great sires. To have edited a new edition of Bartlett has become a stereo of disdain.

Language is not only man's prime qualification, as tool, weapon, or medium of polity; it is also his plaything; sometimes his intoxicant. To enjoy play with words—and therefore with thoughts—is the mark of the civilized creature. Do I have to remind you of Churchill, the great punchinello of verbal chess? And it was he who said at Harrow, let the clever boys learn Latin—not as a chore, as an honor. But from those who find in it neither fun nor favor, withdraw at once; hide, like the squid, in a cloud of ink. If you have no teachers touched with fire, let your unlucky students continue (as they will) to use Latin unconsciously.

Our nearest approach to interchange of meanings, or what we think we mean, is through the root-crop of Rome. Offer it to the young apes as privilege, not as penalty. If they don't savvy it, that's *their* hard luck. Now let's not ask this question again for another thirty years.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Roslyn Heights, N. Y.

Bollingen Assistance

SIR: Fredric Wertham in his "Reply to Philip Wylie" [*SRL* July 30] wrote: "A non-medical apologist wrote a long defense of Jung in a medical journal; by coincidence, it so happened that he received a grant from the Bollingen Foundation."

Wertham obviously wishes to establish a connection between this article and certain grants made by the Bollingen Foundation. The article in question is my paper entitled "Carl Gustav Jung—Defender of Freud and the Jews" (*Psychiatric Quarterly*, April 1946), written after Dr. R. Hutchings, editor of that journal, had offered to me to print a report of my first-hand knowledge of Jung's position. The article was produced solely on my own initiative. At the time of writing it I had no knowledge whatever of the existence of the Bollingen Foundation. Nor had I at any time received any grant whatsoever from that Foundation. The fact is that in 1948, two years after the publication of the article on Jung, a member of the board of the quarterly *The Nervous Child*, of which I am editor-in-chief, applied to the Bollingen Foundation for assistance for the further development of this periodical, and a modest grant to assist our periodical was subsequently made through the Foundation for Child Care and Nervous Child Help, Inc. Incidentally, the board of *The Nervous Child* is composed of Freudians, Jungians, and Adlerians, as well as of representatives of other present schools of psychological thought.

ERNEST HARMS.

New York, N. Y.

Limit on Avoirdupois

SIR: A recent issue publicized the need of the American Library in Paris for books from the United States. Unfortunately for me, I prepared a box with great care, carried it to the sub-station, only to have it refused because it weighed twenty-three pounds. The Post Office Department has a ridiculous regulation limiting foreign parcels to six pounds, nine ounces. So I had to carry the box back home again. Now I must find four or five small boxes, cord, etc., and start all over again. You would be helping others if you gave this letter publicity.

PHILIP E. SIGGERS.

Wilmington, Del.

"Man and the Social Appetite"

SIR: I want to tell you how enthusiastic I am about the article on "Man and the Social Appetite" [*SRL* Nov. 19]. I intend to quote from this article extensively in a book I am writing, which is still in the early manuscript phase, dealing with the functions of ego. The article was not only full of sound scientific thinking, but it was presented in an exceedingly convincing and intriguing way. I am commending it to all of the Fellows in the Menninger School of Psychiatry, and I am sure our sociologist, Dr. Louisa Holt, and our anthropologist, Dr. George Devereux, will be commending it widely also.

KARL A. MENNINGER, M.D.

Topeka, Kan.

SIR: I am in agreement with Ashley Montagu that the socialization of behavior in the form of love and cooperation is apparently necessary for survival. In fact, cooperation is the only solution to the distressing problems of our chaotic world of today. However, it is highly questionable as to whether there is a biologically inherent drive towards socialization *per se*, which Mr. Montagu implies in his article. I am inclined to believe that there is greater evidence to support the Darwinian theory that man is basically egocentric in his behavior.

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Cooperative and altruistic tendencies, while they aid survival, are derived from this more fundamental motivation. It can be shown that even altruism is ego exalting.

There is no evidence to indicate that the child is innately driven to giving love. Socialization is a learning process. As the child grows older he learns to condescend to the wishes of the parents and to the rules of his society only as a means of protecting his ego—to avoid punishment or the loss of love. But though our motives are basically egoistic, they can and should be directed into channels of social value for the ultimate good of the individual and society as a whole.

EDWARD J. POLDER.

Brecksville, O.

SIR: Have you heard about the cannibal chief who took his son to a psychiatrist? "I can't get him to eat *anybody*," the chief complained. Seems that the poor boy had lost his "social appetite."

Ashley Montagu overlooked the cannibals. A glaring omission. Studies have demonstrated that a highly developed social appetite exists among cannibals (excepting, of course, neurotic individuals among them—the social deviants). They love their kind so much they could, and do, eat them.

ALBERT B. DAHLQUIST.

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: Please mark down one appreciative reader for "Man and the Social Appetite" by Ashley Montagu. I hope that we can make fusion equal fission.

MARK STARR.

New York, N. Y.

"The World in the Attic"

SIR: Kenneth S. Davis's review of Wright Morris's "The World in The Attic" [*SRL* Sept. 24] has a singular felicity, in the midst of its pained disparagement, that might perhaps go unnoticed: he has managed to discuss a book in the high comic tradition without even a passing reference to its humor and its comedy. If this sort of reviewing becomes common, deaf men will become music critics and blind men will become connoisseurs of painting. Even if Wright Morris's Nebraska existed only in his imagination, even if he had not taken scores of marvelous photographs to document his fantasy, "The Home Place" and "The World in The Attic" would still have a special claim on anyone who respects the comic genius and who knows how little of it is left in a nation of wisecrackers, gag-men, and serfs. Unfortunately, Mr. Davis is not alone in this kind of color-blindness; most reviewers have discussed Morris's work as if he were a mere trader in Americana, with no reference to his delicate ear, his perceptive eye, and his deep vein of humor. But what can one do with a reviewer who castigates an author for qualities he dislikes in the principal character in his work? He might as well blame Mr. Morris for the bad manners of Clyde Muncy's children; because, as it happens, Mr. Morris has no children. But Mr. Morris—I write as a friend—does know his Nebraska from the subsoil up and he loves its old integrities, and anyone who does not understand, from Mr. Morris's books, the quality of that knowledge and that love might also easily overlook the fact that Wright Morris is a writer of no small dimensions, not to be humorlessly lectured and talked down to.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

New York, N. Y.

The Pearls of Publishing

SIR: Have just sat me down to record the items in your article "The Pearls of Publishing" [*SRL* Nov. 19, 26]. It is most helpful; just what a librarian can use.

JANE E. ERRETT,
Librarian,
West Chester Library Ass'n.

West Chester, Pa.

SIR: Thank you for "The Pearls of Publishing," which should keep the lending library and me busy for a few weeks. But to whom, I ask bewilderedly, do publishers expect to sell all these books? Had I unlimited income, I'd still have no place to put the minimum of five books I read every week. Eventually I expect to see all books published with paper covers, to sell at not more than fifty cents. There will be permanent covers, available separately, into which the book may be placed for protection if it is worth a lasting place on the shelf.

EDITH LODER THORNTON.

Philadelphia, Pa.

On Anti-Catholicism

SIR: I am in complete sympathy with Taylor Caldwell's feeling [LETTERS, Nov. 12] about anti-Catholicism based on Ku Klux grounds. There is no place in America for prejudice against any man's religion as such. But when a vast and powerful organization which has political as well as religious implications openly attempts to legislate for those outside its membership, what are the outsiders to do? Take it lying down, never mention it, for fear of being accused of religious prejudice?

As Paul Blanshard and many others have demonstrated, the Roman Catholic Church is bent on telling not only its own adherents, but all of us, what we should read, what movies and plays we should see, even how we should vote. It opposes divorce and birth control, not for its own flock alone, but for us all. It tries to obtain for its own privately operated schools the tax-supported benefits which should accrue only to tax-supported schools—to which its children are welcome, but from which they are excluded by their own parents at the behest of the church. In a dozen secular fields the church makes its weight felt by threat of boycott, thus regulating not only its own life but the life of the non-Catholic population. Witness Macy's reluctance to sell Blanshard's book openly; witness what would happen to any newspaper which would dare to publish an item unfavorable to the church.

In the face of this situation, it needs no fantastic nightmare of a secret conspiracy to bring on war to explain why public-spirited non-Catholics expose this very real danger to democracy.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: Like Taylor Caldwell, I receive a good many tracts, leaflets, etc., from anonymous senders, but every one bears the imprimature of the Roman Catholic Church and practically every one contains derogatory remarks about Protestantism as a whole, with each particular Protestant sect held up to particular scorn. I do not deal in lies or transmit unverified rumors. I can authenticate (with pages, titles of publications, names and addresses of Roman Catholic authority sponsoring same) every accusation I make. Why is the blame for creating dissension put upon those who criticize the Catholic Church rather than upon that church, which starts the dissensions by seeking special privileges for itself, while its printing presses are at work all over the country seeking to undermine Protestantism, because it looks upon Protestantism as the one obstacle to its ever-present determination to make this country "a Catholic nation"?

ELIZABETH EMMETT.

Wakefield, R. I.

SIR: You cannot generalize and say Catholics are less guilty of hatred than Protestants, and by the same token you cannot say Catholics are more guilty.

ALICE M. LAINE.

New York, N. Y.

Literature in a Nutshell

SIR:

To broaden,
Read Auden.
If smarter,
Try Sartre.
To admire Ezra Pound
Go deep underground.

NORMAN ANNING.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

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Seeing Things

CASTLES IN SPAIN

WHEN we seek to describe the agonies and ecstasies of passion, we reach of necessity for violent words. Passion for everyone is identified with heat at its hottest. It is something beyond thermostatic control. We all know its sickening strength, its bliss, and its annihilating force. We recognize it as a fever of the emotions which dizzies the mind, lulls the conscience, and burns the body. With Prospero we concede "the strongest oaths are straw to the fire i' the blood." Admitting the completeness of its bondage, we liken those who are consumed with passion to slaves. We have no other choice than to compare it, as Hamlet did, to a torrent, a tempest, or a whirlwind.

I mention the sultriness and the storms of passion because they are palpably the concern of "That Lady,"* the romantic drama about Philip II's Spain to which Katharine Cornell is lending her beauty and her skill and which Guthrie McClintic has lovingly produced. The play, which Kate O'Brien has made from her novel "For One Sweet Grape," is in its every line and scene a study of passion. It is the tale of a monarch as complicated in his jealousy as in his statecraft, who because of his unfulfilled fondness for a noblewoman, a glamorous widow at his court, ultimately tortures her and her lover. The lover in question was once Philip's friend and Secretary of State; a fact which, at least according to Miss O'Brien, makes it the more impossible for the king to forgive him for having an affair with a princess dear to Philip's heart.

In spite of its absorption with court intrigue, royal passion, and characters whose actions are at the mercy of their desires, Miss O'Brien's novel is hard going. It is intelligently observed. As the picture of an industrious ruler believing in the divinity of his own kingship and demanding acceptance of that belief from others, it can claim its interesting subtleties. Certainly in neither style nor approach is it to be confused with the usual run of bosom and boudoir historical romances. It belongs on a higher and quite different echelon of effort. Yet the blight of monotony devitalizes its pages, smothering their intended heat. Set in a colorful age against colorful backgrounds, it never manages to turn passion itself into more than a conversational indulgence.

The faults of Miss O'Brien's novel loom the larger in her dramatization of it. They loom the larger notwithstanding a production set and costumed by Rolf Gérard with the elegance of a Velasquez, well directed by Mr. McClintic, and including some valiant performances. Henry Daniell, for example, is a Philip bowed down by the burdens of kingship, a harassed autocrat as enigmatic in his kindnesses as in his cruelties. If he has his hammy moments, he is driven to them by a script which, being essentially hammy itself, offers him no other choice. Torin Thatcher, though less romantic than he might be, brings style and intelligence to his playing of the lover. And Douglas Watson, so unforgettable as Eros in Miss Cornell's "Antony and Cleopatra," contributes an effective bit as Ana de Mendoza's son.

As for Miss Cornell herself, she gives of her best to the widowed Ana, who becomes the mistress of Philip's friend. Her faith in the part, however misplaced, is as unquestioning as if she were playing Juliet or Cleopatra. She does everything that she can within her extraordinary powers to make Ana hold the same interest for an audience that she plainly does for Miss Cornell. The patch she is condemned to wear as a princess who in her youth fought a duel and lost an eye is unable to obscure her radiance. In no time it is taken for granted. As always, Miss Cornell is lovely to look at and moves with a wonderful free-limbed grace.

BUT the sad and disturbing truth is that, in spite of the distinction which is hers and the beauty of the production, "That Lady" fails to come to life. The passion of which it talks incessantly is not projected across the footlights. Its heat, though felt on stage, never warms the auditorium. The result is as if we were left standing in the cold outside, peering through a closed window on a room where a fire is blazing on the

—Vandamm.

Henry Daniell and Katharine Cornell—"sultriness and the storms of passion."

*THAT LADY, by Kate O'Brien. Staged by Guthrie McClintic. Settings and costumes by Rolf Gérard. Presented by Katharine Cornell. With a cast including Katharine Cornell, Henry Daniell, Torin Thatcher, Henry Stephenson, Joseph Wiseman, Douglas Watson, Esther Minciotti, etc. At the Martin Beck, New York City. Opened November 22, 1949.

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STAGE

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RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
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MARY MARTIN · EZIO PINZA
In A New Musical Play
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
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"FASCINATING MUSICAL." —Morehouse, Sun
Regina
a musical drama by MARC BLITZSTEIN
based on "The Little Foxes" by LILLIAN HELLMAN
with JANE PICKENS
production directed by ROBERT LEWIS
musical director EMANUEL BALABAN
FORTY-SIXTH STREET THEATRE
West of Broadway. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

hearth. All too often the supposedly torrid words spoken by Miss O'Brien's lovers and courtiers turn out to be tired clichés. Their drone is unrelenting, their commonplaceness regrettable. What is meant to be vibrant, violent, and tempestuous proves to be lusterless, tame, and boring.

It is not pleasant to have to write such words as these about any production offered by people in whose debt our theatre stands so deeply. No actress and no director of our time have done more to enrich our stage than Miss Cornell and Mr. McClintic. Only ingrates can have forgotten—to choose at random from their joint efforts—"Candida," "Romeo and Juliet," "Saint Joan," "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "The Doctor's Dilemma," "Antigone," or "Antony and Cleopatra."

We, the non-creative public, tend to be both impatient and intolerant in our demands. We are all too apt to forget that artists are entitled to their mistakes. These should be among their privileges. They represent the price they pay for the risks they run. In the arts the wonder is not that lightning does not strike again and again but that it ever strikes. To write one fine book or play in a lifetime, to give one superlative performance, or to direct one glorious production is a lot. It is more, far, far more than most of us are capable of. Though it does not, it in itself should insure abiding gratitude.

Londoners are notoriously faithful to performers, once they have accepted them because of their proven worth. So, too, are Bostonians. Unfortunately, New Yorkers tend as playgoers to be less loyal. Although they thrive quite naturally on coronations, they also show an odd fondness for tumbrels. This lack of loyalty, this unwillingness to follow a career for better or for worse, must be counted among the hazards of a terrifyingly hazardous profession.

Certainly, to make such contributions as the McClintics have made, and to have made so many of them, is exceptional. This or that failure in their case cannot diminish our affection and respect for them or our obligation to them. It can only make us the more eager for their next triumph. —JOHN MASON BROWN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Fancourt Babberly. 2. Rip Van Winkle. 3. Atlas. 4. Nana. 5. Ko-Ko. 6. Lola Pratt. 7. Iago. 8. Nemesis. 9. Pippa. 10. Annabel Lee. 11. Dorian Gray. 12. Alexander Throttlebottom. 13. Miles Standish. 14. Silas Marner. AMERICAN COLUMNIST: Franklin P. Adams.

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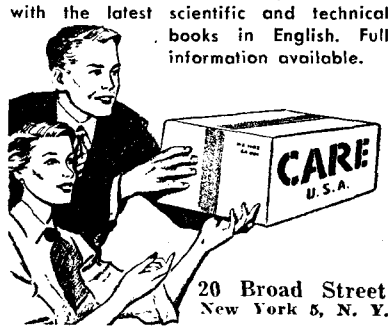

20 Broad Street
New York 5, N. Y.

FICTION

(Continued from page 18)

convinced we're going to fall off at the next bump." While "the wind at the windows celebrates her dark sensation of having attained a new depth of solitude." If Mama Lyle is the loneliest woman in the world, as the author implies, then Kit Moresby is the loneliest ghost.

The book gets so far out of hand that it becomes reminiscent of "The Sheik." Mr. Bowles is a better hand at exploring human interiors than he is at the straight adventure tale. Here, as a sort of combination of Henry James and Frederic Prokosch, he fluffs both. His account of Kit Moresby's Moslem captivity cuts in pretty close on Elinor Glynn, too. Which leaves us with little more than a sensitively written report about people just a shade more tangible than ghosts. It's safe to predict that you'll recall the macabre comedy staged by the Lyles long after you've dismissed the thin-blooded tragedy of the well-meaning Moresbys.

Fiction Notes

THE PLUM TREE, by Mary Ellen Chase. Macmillan. $2. As inexorably as the mystical iceman, four o'clock in the afternoon of May 15 cometh to three lost old women. They are the unwanted, the unloved, the forever forlorn. The fact that they are mad, nourishing secret obsessions in the benevolent shadows of a home for the aged, shrouds their dreadful appointment with infinite pity. One believes she is going home, one is convinced she is being apprehended for murder, and another that death has come as the polished black car from the State Hospital rounds the bend on the stroke of four.

It is all in one heavy day's work. Shepherded by two sensitive nurses who remember forty years' attendance on agony, these addled souls gallantly face the hour. The gaiety of little things supports them. A festive meal, a tree in bloom, and an early tea make the day soft and swiftly sped.

Brief in the telling; a capsule of compassion made memorable by Miss Chase's almost unbearable awareness of the human heart.

—Catherine Meredith Brown.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM, by Charles Terrot. Harper. $2.75. Mr. Terrot's initial idea was splendid. He planned to recreate for us a historical background—nursing in the Crimea seen through the eyes of one of Florence Nightingale's nurses. There would be ample opportunity for danger, degradation, romance, heroism, etc. I wish I could report that his attempt has been successful, but I find his characters wooden, his dialogue unconvincing, the story slow and poorly constructed. Mr. Terrot has obviously taken great pains to verify his facts; he includes authentic portions of letters and diaries; he gives us painstaking descriptions of the squalor and misery prevalent in the military hospitals. He does everything to create the background but little to create the people moving through it.

Elizabeth Wheeler (the nurse) remains a stock figure—beautiful, young, and impetuous but little else. Dr. McLean is continuously strong, tender, and vital. They are waxen figures, fugitives from a woman's magazine, not flesh and blood. This young pair are indeed dominated by the most lofty ideals, which they continuously express to each other in dialogue reminiscent of the Elsie Dinsmore epoch. Strangely enough, Florence Nightingale is presented in a far more realistic manner than her co-workers. She emerges as a relentless and indomitable organizer fired by ambition, rather than the sentimental lady with the lamp.

—Stephanie Benét.

FEAR NO EVIL, by Hugh Massingham. Random. $3. We first see the Reverend "Bobs" Dewson as he hustles his Bishop on an invigorating walk through the woods after morning service. Militantly virtuous, offensively healthy, and self-consciously abreast of the times, Bobs is doing his somewhat heavy-handed best to impress the Bishop as the most suitable incumbent for St. Luke's, a parish which is about to fall vacant. At the Rectory luncheon awaits them. And, for Bobs, the beginning of destruction in one Eric Parker, who has journeyed down from London on a dubious errand. It is not to be blackmail, the latter reassures himself, but just a friendly hint to the Reverend that his irresponsible son, long since disowned, is in serious trouble with the police.

Bobs's highly respectable imagination reels as he pictures publicity in the press, and in a panic he rushes off to London. To the little street walker with whom Ron is supposed to be living he appears as a heaven-sent opportunity, and she is soon collecting the money which, more than anything else in the world, she

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wants. The forces of evil close in and doom a priest who, for the first time, is fitted in compassion, vision, and illumination to hold a cure of souls. Insufferable in his days of modest success, Bobs Dewson, his ruin complete, is an appealing, an admirable man.

Mr. Massingham's characterization is brilliant—the man whose gradual soul's growth in the empty shell of virtue is drawn in full dimensions of reality—and tawdry little May, so cold, so calculating, is equally vivid. Eric Parker, the blackmailer, particularly when drunk is a priceless sketch, and the Bishop, who reads Westerns, seen all too briefly, is endearing and unforgettable. Add to this a rare ability to create atmosphere and you have a novelist of real importance. —PAMELA TAYLOR.

SINNERS, COME AWAY, by Leon Wilson. Atlantic Monthly Press. $3. Mr. Wilson has written a kind of miniature "Lower Depths" in the setting of a Tennessee county jail. It is somewhat specialized but decidedly good within the limits of its range. He writes first-rate dialogue and has an earthy humor and the power to create vivid personalities.

Presley Cargile did not reckon his moves discreetly when he drove over the state line in Dee Cook's new Chevrolet because Cook was stalling around over paying him for the carpentry work he had done. Lulled into carelessness by an accommodating girl-friend in a trailer camp, he was an easy pickup for a pair of FBI boys.

The Tennessee jail where they dragged him to await a possible penitentiary stretch was not bad as county jails go. His first cell mate, Lon Spurlock, in for something he claimed he hadn't done, had been in before for whiskey making he had done. Either way, he was an amiable and friendly philosopher. Their company is enlarged, gradually, by old Pop Pyburn, who probably is innocent of the charge of transporting a girl over the state line for purposes of prostitution; Cece Dailey, who did steal the keg of beer; Stevens, the pathetic, pseudo-tough juvenile gangster from Detroit, and Homer, a fairly regular Saturday-night customer for drunkenness.

With some trimmings and extras, the novel offers us a few weeks of their time-killing, jail-bunk philosophizing and retrospections. It is skilful, full of local color, and amusing. I doubt that it's anything more, unless in so far as it bears on the classic motif of little fish caught while big fish go scot free. —EDMUND FULLER.

—*Jacket design for "Sicilian Street."*

SICILIAN STREET, by John Kafka. Coward-McCann. $3. This is the story of a girl, Peri, who wants to conquer her background, the Sicilian atmosphere of superstition and ignorance which, she thinks, her ancestors have brought with them from Sicily. Americanization, according to her and her lawyer boy-friend, can best be accomplished by substituting a modern drugstore for the traditional puppet theatre run by her father. The drugstore, of course, would not be a business enterprise, but a crusade.

Mr. Kafka has crammed his book with witchcraft, duels, spells, murders, pagan rites, a whimsical Catholic priest, a great-hearted doctor, an "errant maiden," "ingenious devices," "impressive performances," "a well of tenderness," "herculean tasks," and even trapdoors that "closed hermetically." He has not, however, written about New York City's Sicilian Street.

I have been up there recently. It is an interesting, challenging, overcrowded, and, only if you choose to think it so, romantic place. First of all, it's real. Its people are struggling against poverty. They worry about their rent, their food, their jobs, the cop on the beat. Mr. Kafka's street, I imagine, could only exist in a cliché-insensitive mind, although perhaps you might walk through it on a Hollywood lot. —E. E.

THE SUNSET TREE, by Martha Ostenso. Dodd, Mead. $3. By means of an extensive series of flashbacks interpolated here and there in the narrative, Miss Ostenso has undertaken to present a full portrait of a destructive woman. Very early in the book a comparison is made between Esther Clark and a plant-mold known as *mycetozoa,* a devouring form of parasite somewhere between plant and animal, that possesses a remarkable facility for feeding upon whatever shelters it. The theme thus set, it remains only for us to perceive how Esther Clark has flourished on the same principle, having devoured in one way or another her friends, her brother, her daughter, the men who have loved or married her, the teachers and associates who have advanced her artistic career.

It is a fruitful theme, one that has been explored many times within recent memory. There are, however, several things wrong with Miss Ostenso's version of it. For one thing, she seems to have done a hasty and shallow job of writing. The novel reads too often like a series of notes, with scraps of dialogue ideas, for a book she might have been planning to work out at greater length. For another—which may be part of the same thing—she hasn't settled upon any final conception of Esther's true nature. This shows up most in the climax of the book, wherein a wise and understanding man points out to Esther the true reason for her erratic life, and thereby starts her upon a presumptive new cycle of goodness and light. Can you point out to the parasite the error of its ways? Can you demonstrate the error by any acceptable standard? Finally, there is an overall effect of contrivance quite un-lifelike—everything falling into place according to plan, and never a real vital voice raised to assert the unpredictable quality of character. There's nobody there but Miss Ostenso. —NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 339

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 339 will be found in the next issue.

OZSL LZW HMJALSFK

YSNW LZW OGJDV OSK

FGL LZGMYZL, TML

SULAGF. —OWFVWDD

HZADDAHK.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 338

The illusion that times that were are better than those that are, has probably pervaded all ages.
—HORACE GREELEY.

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The World.

Propaganda is a word of which Americans have become quite justly wary during the past two decades. In the strict dictionary sense the two books reviewed below are, each in its way, propaganda. Yet, if one hopes to understand the current trend of affairs, he must be willing to read and consider judiciously these volumes and others like them. . . . The United States Navy has been adept at presenting its doctrines from the time of Admiral Mahan to Captain Crommelin. William H. Hessler, a Naval Reserve officer, argues for the Navy's current objective, the super-aircraft carrier, in "Operation Survival." . . . He who would learn about contemporary Russia must undertake to distill the facts from the dialectics in propaganda of another sort. The American Council of Learned Societies is helping Americans do just that with "Economic Geography of the USSR," a useful compendium of information—and dialectics—drawn from the best available Soviet work.

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"Heads I Win—Tails You Lose!"

American Global Strategy

OPERATION SURVIVAL. By William H. Hessler. New York: Prentice Hall. 282 pp. $3.

By Cord Meyer, Jr.

MR. HESSLER has tried here to combine a prescription for an American policy of preparedness based on the facts of geography with a complete justification of the Navy's case in its present conflict with the Air Force.

His proposals for an American world strategy can be briefly summarized. His first assumption is that "America plus Western Europe spells security for the American people," and he denies that strategic atomic bombing can be effective either as a threat to prevent the inundation of Europe by the mass armies of Russia or as a means of liberating Europe once it has been occupied. He points out that the indiscriminate bombing of German cities during World War II did not begin to cripple German production seriously until late in 1944, and concludes that atomic bombing is not likely to be much more successful in destroying the decentralized factories of Russia. By invading Western Europe and converting its factories to war production, the Russians, he feels, could offset the damage their own industry might suffer. Believing that the B-36 is highly vulnerable to attack by jet fighters and anti-aircraft missiles, he reasons that long-range bomber missions over Russia would be prohibitively costly unless a large part of Russian fighter strength was first destroyed.

—*Fitzpatrick in* St. Louis Post Dispatch.

"The Key."

He points out that the random destruction of entire cities by atomic bombs is not only immoral in the extreme but that victory achieved through such means would make peace infinitely costly for victor and vanquished alike in a world of ruins. In the long run, he thinks that the discovery of atomic energy will be more of a threat to American security than to Russian because of the dense concentration of our vital industries, and therefore he urges that the U. S. should publicly announce a policy of only using atomic bombs in retaliation against an atomic attack, although he admits that such a self-denying ordinance would not be honored for long in the event of war.

Based on this line of reasoning, he concludes that in a war with Russia in the next decade the Soviet armies would certainly be able to overrun most of Europe. However, with enough advance preparation American and allied forces could hold Spain, Southern Italy, and Sicily, and from there through the use of amphibious forces in the Mediterranean we could fight our way on the long road back to eventual victory. In this strategy, the key to success in his opinion is combat air power, through which to win command of the air and protect both amphibious landings and long-range bombers. And the most effective kind of combat air power is said to be the aircraft carrier, which is considered by Mr. Hessler to be both highly mobile and virtually invulnerable. So by a combination of geopolitical argument and moral reasoning we are led to the conclusion that the cancellation of the super-carrier was a tragic blunder and that American strategy must be based on the air-sea power of the U. S. Navy.

Before considering the broader implications of Mr. Hessler's conclusion, one is forced to question the validity of the facts on which it is based. Admittedly, if vast fleets of bombers carrying conventional explosives were used again as in World War II, the losses might well be disastrous due to improved methods of interception, but the power of atomic bombs would greatly reduce the number of bombers required to destroy a given objective, increase the possibility of surprise attacks, and justify the acceptance of a much higher percentage of losses. Nor in stating categorically that "technical changes are strengthening the defense far more than the offense in aerial war" does Mr. Hessler mention the fact that there is no known or forseeable defense against guided missiles of the V-2 variety.

Equally questionable is his faith that "the carrier task force has a nearly complete immunity." Many

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carriers were sunk and many more severely damaged in World War II by planes and submarines, and the increased speed of the new submarines may well have made them even more vulnerable. If there is another war, carriers may play a useful supporting role but to rely on them to secure command of the air over Europe seems fantastic.

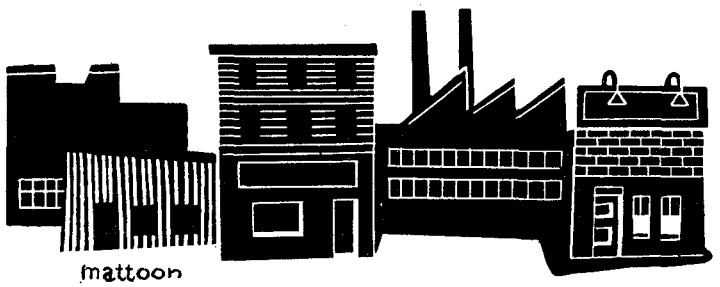
Mr. Hessler is completely right in condemning the barbaric inhumanity of attempting to destroy entire cities with atomic bombs, and he is probably correct in assuming that such attacks would not prevent a Russian occupation of Europe in a war. But the answer to the moral problem is not a meaningless promise to use atomic bombs only in retaliation but the prevention of war itself and if there is an answer to the military dilemma, it is not an increased reliance on carriers but an army located in Europe sufficiently large to meet the Russian Army on even terms.

Underlying this book are two basic assumptions. First, Mr. Hessler is convinced that democracy and civil liberties can be indefinitely preserved while the far-reaching measures of modern preparedness are undertaken, and, secondly, he believes that war itself can be prevented by staying ahead in an arms race. Because he believes these things, he is able to dismiss as utopian and unrealistic all proposals for strengthening the U. N. by giving it the legal authority and material power of a world federal government. On their part, the world federalists admit the need for military preparedness so long as there is no reliable structure of enforceable world law but they fear that in the course of dispersing our cities and building the vast armaments that Mr. Hessler calls for we may lose the very liberties we seek to defend and the federalists are also convinced that a worldwide rivalry for military power cannot preserve peace as Mr. Hessler suggests but must in the end lead to war.

On the basis of his judgment on these issues and of a close reading of his book, the objective reader must decide for himself whether American policy should be exclusively concerned with maintaining a preponderance of military power or whether a defensive policy of preparedness should be combined with a sustained effort by the U. S. to substitute law for force in the relations between national states.

Cord Meyer, Jr., a wartime captain in the United States Marine Corps, is author of "Peace or Anarchy."

Rocks and Rills and Sovietized Hills



ECONOMIC GEOGRAPHY OF THE USSR. By S. S. Balzak, V. F. Vasyutin, and Ya. G. Feigin. Edited by Chauncy D. Harris. New York: The Macmillan Co. 620 pp. $10.

By Bertram D. Wolfe

IF IGNORANCE and misunderstanding continue to warm the embers of the cold war, it will not be the fault of the American Council of Learned Societies. With admirable patience they have combed the available Russian economic geographies, as they have been doing other significant works in various fields which may provide a deeper insight into Russian life and thought. And with admirable objectivity, they have translated the best they could find, without elision or alteration, enriched the book with a patiently elaborated series of maps of all descriptions, provided notes and appendices to help the American reader over the rough spots, and engaged in a minimum of tempting defense of their own colleagues, the geographers of other lands, so freely and falsely slandered in the text as part of the spice with which every dish of Soviet learning must be served nowadays. They are not afraid that the reader will swallow it whole—indeed, he would get a truly unforgettable attack of mental indigestion if he tried!—but, as John A. Morrison says in his general introduction, they are confident that "if it is read with discrimination and sophistication, the many grains of geographic fact can be winnowed out from the dogma of Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist dialectic."

And it takes some winnowing, for, as is the custom today in every science, the most frequently quoted authority on economic geography is Joseph Stalin, "the greatest scientist of our epoch." He is quoted for the first time in the very second sentence of the book, and thereafter, by actual count, at least thirty-eight separate times, without counting paraphrases, invocations of his name and citations from his anonymously published "Short History of the Communist Party." The second most quoted geographical authority is Lenin, even as the Soviet Union's highest mountain (24,590 feet) has been named Stalin Peak and the second highest (23,380 feet) has been named after Lenin. Marx and Engels come a poor third and fourth with fourteen and eight citations respectively, while no actual geographer, not even to be condemned, has his name mentioned as often.

What, the reader may well ask, is the purpose of this apparatus of scholasticism and incantation? A few random samples will help to give the idea.

The first sentence of the book defines economic geography as "the science of the areal distribution of production and of the conditions of its development in different countries and regions." Follows in sentence two a definition of "production"—in the words of Stalin—as "encompassing the productive forces of society as well as the producing relationships of human beings." Next come several pages of exegesis, still of the first sentence, to prove from the works of Stalin, Lenin, Engels, and Marx that the geography of different countries is *different*, and that economic geography has to be studied "by *regions*." What a pounding there is here upon already open doors!

Again and again, with each generalizing section, and often even with the most trivial detail, the same irrelevant texts are dragged in by means of some pivotal or tangential word in common.

Yet the reader should not imagine that this is all sacred text and no geography. In a land where the location of industries and raw materials, and absolute production figures, are increasingly state secrets which it is treason to divulge, the lot of an economic geographer is a parlous one. Geographers have been hampered by

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restrictions on travel and field work, silence in answer to questionnaires, prohibitions on the publication of essential data, and a frightful rate of political obsolescence of texts and their authors. Still the efforts of the Russian State, begun under the last czars and enormously stepped up under the Five-Year Plans, to explore, exploit, and plan the regional development of the Russian land, has produced a solid body of economic-geographical literature and caused the State Planning Commission to admit a number of economic geographers to its staff. Maps have multiplied; surveys and statistical reports accumulated; geographers, like other scientists, have disappeared in a cloud of charges of "cosmopolitanism," "subservience to Western, imperialist, racist, bourgeois geography," and even "Trotskyism and diversionist wrecking" in such fields as mining, transport, and regional planning.

What wonder that devoted geographers, carrying on as best they can, should shield their forward march towards the continued acquisition and ordering of knowledge in their field under an umbrella of pious quotation or advance cautiously under a protective barrage of fire against the very geographers of other lands from whom they may have gleaned some of their seminal ideas and methods of approach.

What they have reported to the State Planning Commission and what they have dared to include in general texts for students and the preparation of future geographers are quite different things. The American Council of Learned Societies has wisely chosen the most solid of these textbooks, and one which, since it dates from 1939, is less hampered by the secrecy mania and spy mania of the present moment. The concept of "economic geography" employed by the authors is wide enough to include geographic position, size, boundaries, geological structure, waters, climate, natural zones, mineral deposits, distribution of industries, agriculture, transport. Enriched by additional maps and enlarged by footnotes to take some account of the additional 260,000 square miles annexed by Russia during the Second World War, this undoubtedly constitutes the best handbook now available in English on the geography, economic and general, of the Soviet Union. Everyone connected with the translation and preparation has good reason to be proud of it. Now if only we could persuade the Kremlin to translate one of our comparable texts into Russian. . . .

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
GIFT IDEAS—OUT-OF-THE-WAY-WORKS		
BACH: A GERMAN ORGAN MASS (KLAVIER-UEBUNG, PT. III). Fritz Heitmann, Organ of Charlottenburg Palace, Berlin. Capitol LP: P-8029 (12") (*Also* 45, 78 *rpm.*)	Prewar—but a stunning job. Mike setting hits perfect balance with consequent depth, clarity, wonderful perspective between sets of pipes. Fine, breathy highs. Best Bach organ recording yet, I'd say.	Bach on a real Baroque organ (1706)—the genuine highly colored sound, distinctness of detail, plus majesty of fine acoustics. In spite of some slight anachronisms this is a superb concert—Bach as he might have heard it. Unforgettable.
HAYDN: SYMPHONIES. Vienna Sym. Orch., Steinberg. Haydn Society LP's (12"): #1, #28, #13 ("Jupiter")—1001. #31 ("Hornsignal"), #34—1002. #44 ("Trauer"), #48 ("Maria Theresa")—1003.	Reportedly from early German tape, 1002 and 1003 are good quality but dull, lacking in highs. 1001 is more brilliant, wider range (more distortion)—must have been from another source. Future work will be via U. S. tape machines. (*No 78 rpm edition.*)	The Haydn Society's first LP's of unrecorded Haydn, as written—a job long due. Middle works, in the "Farewell" Symphony period (#45), are superb music. Earlier slighter, thin-textured (with harpsichord); perfectly built semi-divertimenti. Playing is conscientious, a bit dull. Music gets through.
STRAVINSKY: ORPHEUS (1947). RCA Victor Sym., Stravinsky. RCA Victor DM, WDM 1320 (4)	Continuing the rather live, brilliant Stravinsky-RCA recording. Excellent for this quiet piece of ballet music.	Two later-style Stravinsky ballet scores, conducted by the composer, who knows how. This kind of music tends to sound monotonous, undramatic, "all alike" on first hearing; like Mozart, it takes on character, depth, force on repeat hearings, after the notes sink in. Don't give it a snap judgment!
STRAVINSKY: JEU DE CARTES (1936). Berlin Philharmonic, Stravinsky. Capitol LP: L 8028 (10") (*Also other speeds*)	Not unlike the above, with sharper highs. Sudden, brassy *tutti* are beautifully managed. Some surface noise, left over from original 78's.	
SCHUMANN: FANTASIA IN C MINOR, OP. 17. Rudolph Firkusny, piano. Columbia LP: ML 4238 78: MM 862 (3)	Columbia's solo piano is still rather hard, somewhat dead, and without the singing, sustained quality that indicates perfect mike placing. Not very good for Schumann.	Vital study for the piano student, though Firkusny is not entirely up to this powerfully romantic music—it rides him; harmonic sense is not clear, over-pedaling seems evident. Big, diffuse music, over-extended, with spots of genius.
GOULD: CHRISTMAS MUSIC FOR ORCHESTRA. Morton Gould and his orchestra. Columbia LP: ML 2065 78: MM 848 (4)	Excellent recording, with a mellow liveness, especially for the brass choirs. Inner parts come through nicely. Loud climaxes a bit gross.	A highly talented musician "improvises" in astonishing counterpoint on familiar tunes; canons, fugues, counter-subjects—all effortless and very listenable! But most pieces end up with conventionalities. Worth while even so.
DEBUSSY: SUITE FROM "PELLEAS" (arr. Leinsdorf). Cleveland Orch., Leinsdorf. Columbia LP: ML 4090 78: MM 845 (3)	A good recording, though not stunning. Loud peaks towards end may "buzz" if you have an uncompliant stylus (*SRL* Oct. 29).	Why didn't this get done before? A fine way to sample a rare opera. Rather quiet music, subdued and subtle Tristan stuff, in complex, semi-acid, later-Debussy style.

—Edward Tatnall Canby.

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Dream Discs Amid the Holly

IRVING KOLODIN

MORE blessed though it may be to give than receive, there is a pleasure in receiving that no proverbs can discourage. Wherefore the editor of the RECORDINGS section has this year offered the critics of the nation's press an opportunity to cite the records they'd like to receive for gifts—assuming they didn't own them already. As suspected, the responses fell into two categories: actual issues for which the critics have a high regard and nonexistent discs which some would like to imagine will be under their tree or on their turntable come Christmas morning.

A devoted reader of **Felix Borowski,** of the *Chicago Sun-Times*, for example, could make him happy with the six volumes of Hugo Wolf songs or the "original recording of Elgar's 'Dream of Gerontius.'" Borowski notes that this would be "pure greed," dependent upon a "plutocratic presenter," but makes amends by waiving gifts in the popular categories. In the space noted, "If I was young and owned a phonograph," Borowski observes: "I am not. I wouldn't."

Of more modest requirements is **Alfred Frankenstein,** of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, who asks only for the Stravinsky "Orpheus," a single disc of Scarlatti sonatas played on the harpsichord by Landowska, or, for the youth category, Moore's "The Emperor's New Clothes." Popular albums, says Frankenstein, "None"; popular singles, "Less than none." Two more requests for "The Emperor's New Clothes" come from **Harriet Johnson,** of the *New York Post*, and **John Rosenfield,** of the *Dallas Morning News*. Otherwise, Miss Johnson would find her collection enhanced by the Second Symphony of Mahler, in the Ormandy-Minneapolis version, and a Polydor recording of a "Crucifixus" in Latin sung by the Basilica Choir. Add the "South Pacific" album and Eleanor Steber's recording of "Stardust" and you have a happy Miss Johnson. For Rosenfield, the Von Karajan Brahms "Requiem" and Caruso's "Ah! fuyez douce image" (from "Manon"), the "Kiss Me, Kate" album and "anything by Dinah Shore" will satisfy.

Very much in a vocal line are **Philip Miller,** of *Consumer's Union*, and **Ralph J. Smith,** of the *Omaha World-Herald*. Mozart's "Cosi Fan Tutti" and an Elisabeth Schumann disc containing Marx's "Marienlied" and Strauss's "Muttertändelei" are the works of appeal to Miller in the serious literature, Edith Piaf's "La Rue Pigale" album and Gracie

Fields's "I Took My Harp to the Party" in a lighter vein. For Miller-when-young, the L'Oiseau-Lyre Bach set will fill the bill, and the stocking. Smith reminds us of the fine "Beggar's Opera" from England, also the Delius Society albums conducted by Beecham. Folk songs from the South, John Lomax style, and a reissue of Paul Whiteman's "When Day Is Done" would liven Christmas Day for Smith also.

A link between those who choose existing records and those who think wistfully of what they'd like to have issued is **Albert Goldberg,** of the *Los Angeles Times*. Noting that "the steady influx of records is already slowly but inexorably pushing me out of my apartment . . . I am really pining for nothing in that line above and beyond the call of duty," Goldberg nevertheless could make time and space for reissued records by "some of the great musicians I have missed hearing in my life" such as Busoni and Pugno among pianists, Mahler, Nikisch, and Safonoff among conductors; Lilli Lehmann, Nordica, and Elena Gerhardt among singers.

Paul Chandler Hume, of the *Washington Post*, leads the list of wishful thinkers with these desires: a complete "L'Amore de Tre Re" conducted by Toscanini, with Lily Djanel, Peter Pears, and Virgilio Lazzari, or a new Gieseking version of "Gaspard de la Nuit," or the remainder of "Salome" with Welitsch and Reiner, to make a complete opera. Peter Pears should also make Warlock's "Corpus Christi" to make Hume content. For **Stewart Matter,** of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, top priority goes to a complete "Fidelio," followed by Berlioz's "Enfance du Christ." He's no visionary when it comes to single records: the very much existing Sayão "Bachianas Brasileiras" of Villa-Lobos, or the Schlusnus "Rheinlegendchen" of Mahler will do.

If Artur Rubinstein is puzzled about repertory, **Douglas Watt,** of the *New York Daily News*, has a suggestion for him: a collection of piano pieces by John Field. That would please me, as well as would Watt's request for Albeniz's "Seville" and "Cordoba" by guitarist Andrés Segovia. In the popular field, Watt proposes an album of songs eliminated from Broadway shows by Gershwin, Rodgers, Youmans, etc., during try-out periods, preferably in the voices of Alfred Drake and Ethel Merman. If this is not sufficient of a pipe dream, Watt adds, for a single popular disc, Louis Armstrong and Edith Piaf collaborating on "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden."

Armstrong has another admirer in **Hillmar Grondahl,** of the *Portland Oregonian*, who wants an issue of "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen" coupled with an up-to-date "Shadrack." Of weightier matter, he suggests a recital program by Ezio Pinza ("before it is too late") or a complete "Pelléas" ("preferably on LP," which rules out the excellent French one directed by Désormière). He also wants his Toscanini-Berlioz "Romeo and Juliet" issue expanded by the "Queen Mab" Scherzo, preferably in a pairing with the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Scherzo. And if Alec Templeton is not otherwise occupied, Grondahl would welcome further recitals by Frau and Herr Schoenauer.

Having sampled these preferences of his colleagues, the RECORDINGS editor finds the mere idea that they would *welcome* records as Christmas gifts a heartening commentary on the durability of the human ear. Our inclinations would run like this: a complete "Entführung," by Beecham or Busch; "An die Musik," by Schubert, and Wolf's "Kennst du das Land" sung by Kathleen Ferrier; a whole series of musical-comedy scores revived by Decca in the manner of its LP "Roberta" issue, beginning with "The Cat and the Fiddle" or "Sweet Adeline," and any of a score of fine tunes of this decade by a reunited Goodman Trio.

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IDEAS ON FILM

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16 mm. Motion Picture

Available Features

EDITOR'S NOTE: "*The Quiet One*" (SRL *Dec.* 11, 1948) *will soon be released for 16mm. rentals and long-term lease. Readers who have asked for information about this remarkable documentary film will be glad to know that requests can now be made for show dates beginning in the late winter months. Originally shot on 16mm. film, "The Quiet One" was later blown up to 35mm. size for theatrical showing in many of the large cities throughout the country. Now, almost exactly a year after it was first reviewed in* The Saturday Review's *film columns, arrangements have been made to have it released non-theatrically. Requests for bookings should be sent direct to Athena Films, 165 W. 46th St., New York, N. Y.*

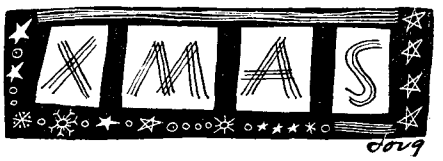
SINCE feature films on 16mm. are much in demand for many holiday programs, this is an opportune time to review the kinds of features that are available and the conditions governing their availability. In general the situation is this: There are many good 16mm. foreign feature films for adult groups and enough Hollywood features for children to see in school during class periods. But there are few of the better Hollywood features for adults, except to show to the invalid and the incarcerated, and practically no full-length films at all for children's non-theatrical recreation programs.

The most widely available feature films are Hollywood productions of the least desirable kind. Local commercial film libraries and camera-supply stores often rent many Westerns, mysteries, comedies of a sort, and miscellaneous Grade C and D productions of independent companies. Most of them were pretty bad in the first place and aren't improved in the reduction to 16mm. gauge. While there are usually no restrictions on the use of these films, their usefulness is certainly limited.

British, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Russian, and Jewish-language features are distributed in 16mm. by libraries specializing in foreign films. A new catalogue of its feature (and excellent short documentary) subjects has just been issued by Brandon Films, 1700 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. It is one of the most informative and useful catalogues yet published, including descriptions, data, and critic's comments about each film, with a number of illustrations. The last ten pages of this sixty-four-page catalogue is a separate "Handbook for Film Societies," written by Thomas J. Brandon. The catalogue is available without charge to those who send their request before December 31, 1949.

Among the outstanding foreign films listed in this new Brandon catalogue the foremost is the newly released French full-length documentary "Farrebique," which deserves some comment here. It is a film I fell in love with at first sight, and increasingly each time I saw it again. "Farrebique" encompasses one year on a French farm, one round of the seasons, one cycle of working and living. In this film perhaps better than in any other we can see the basic differences between the documentary approach and the non-documentary. The story begins and ends as arbitrarily as the calendar itself, entirely lacking in formulated dénouements and climaxes—approaching the realness, the dull slowness, if you like, or the slow excitement, in my own opinion, of life itself. "Farrebique" was directed by George Rouqier; running time is ninety-one minutes. It rents for $45, with a special $30 rental charge to high schools where no admission or subscription fees are charged.

Other interesting titles available from Brandon Films include the following: French films—"Crime and Punishment," starring Pierre Blanchar and Harry Baur; "Grand Illusion," directed by Jean Renoir with Jean Gabin and Eric von Stroheim; "Volpone," starring Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet; the Swedish "Torment," with Mai Zetterling; the German "Murderers Among Us"; the Italian "Revenge," starring Anna Magnani; the Russian "Alexander Nevsky," "Mother," and "Road to Life," and Alfred Hitchcock's "Thirty-Nine Steps" and "The Lady Vanishes." All in all, Brandon supplies a large selection of very adult film fare, with no restrictions as to non-theatrical use.



Some other foreign-language features are available from Film Program Services, 1173 Avenue of the Americas, New York—among them, the French "Poil de Carotte" and the British "The Raiders" (*SRL* April 9). Contemporary Films, at 80 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., has a selection of titles which includes a number of Jewish films; the French "Naïs," starring Fernandel; the Italian "Rossini," "A Yank in Rome," and "Two Anonymous Letters."

A new Spanish version of "Don Quixote" is now being distributed in 16mm. by the Special Features Division of Azteca Films, 1564 Broadway, New York, N. Y. This film is scheduled for full review soon in *SRL*.

THE International Films Division of United World Films has a number of interesting, newly released British films for 16mm. rental. Among them are Noel Coward's "Brief Encounter" and "Blithe Spirit," Carol Reed's "Odd Man Out," and "Dead of Night" and "I Know Where I'm Going." It also distributes the magnificent Italian film "Shoe Shine" (*SRL* Oct. 30). Offices of United World Films are in New York at 1445 Park Ave., in Chicago at 542 S. Dearborn St., and in Hollywood at 7356 Melrose Ave. The films are usually available except in occasional, if not rare, instances in which theatrical commitments preclude their non-theatrical use.

The fifteen feature productions of Sir Alexander Korda have recently been released on 16mm. by Ideal Pictures Corporation, 65 E. South Water St., Chicago. Twenty-three branch offices around the country supply rental prints to nearby film users. These include "The Ghost Goes West," Charles Laughton's full-blown interpretations of "Henry the Eighth" and "Rembrandt," Sabu in "Elephant Boy," and H. G. Wells's "Things to Come." Ideal Pictures also has a few newly released Hollywood subjects: "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," "Pennies from Heaven," "The Howards of Virginia," and on down. The films are rented with the understanding that they are to be used non-theatrically, no admission charge, and no public advertising. This, it is felt, would constitute intentional competition with local theatres.

The finest library of motion pic-

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tures anywhere in the country is that maintained by the Museum of Modern Art, at 11 W. 53rd St., New York, N. Y. It includes foreign and American films, full-length and short, silent and sound films, all significant for their contributions to the development of the cinema and their individual merit. Many of these films are available on 16mm., but distribution is strictly limited to organizations showing the films for educational purposes. This means that many borderline groups are deprived of the privilege of renting films from the Museum, and our first reaction is to accuse the Museum of failing to meet the demands we would like to make of it. However, on later thought we can see that it is too much to expect that one educational institution should supply five decades of film productions to the entire nation of 16mm. film users. The fault lies less in the distribution policy of the Museum of Modern Art's film library than in the fact that only a pitifully small number of other film libraries can supply films of so high a quality.

The two major Hollywood companies which permit distribution of their films for non-theatrical showings are RKO and Twentieth Century-Fox. RKO has its own 16mm. branches in twenty-one "exchange" cities around the country. Its New York office is at 1270 Avenue of the Americas. Films are available to shut-in institutions (jails, hospitals, etc.) and to schools, which must show the films for educational purposes during school hours. Written application must be made and approved before any films can be booked. School people will be interested in knowing that many of the Disney features are distributed by RKO—but since they cannot be shown except for "educational" purposes, there's not much real use to which they can be put.

Films, Inc., which distributes the Twentieth Century-Fox features, has approximately the same distribution policy as RKO and approves each individual account to avoid possible competition with local theatres.

This, in essence, is what is and is not available in feature films on 16mm. The choice is at least a hundred times greater than the movie theatres of an average town can offer its community at any one time. In planning private or community non-theatrical film programs, this factor of *choice* in selection is the one redeeming compensation for the present discomforts and inadequacies of 16mm. film programs. Forty years ago theatres were as uncomfortable and projection as amateurish as non-theatrical screening rooms and facili-

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ties are today. Yet the public put up with the situation because it was getting something it wanted. It is not unreasonable to expect that if public interest in non-theatrical film showings continues to grow, another decade or two will see many communities provided with well-equipped centers for non-theatrical film shows, and film societies on hand to have a say in the selection of programs.

Does this mean competing with the theatres? It doesn't need to. But sooner or later the local managers of theatres and the entire Hollywood film industry will have to concern themselves to a larger extent with community needs, with minority film interests, with a broader concept of the motion picture as a recreational pursuit. Until now motion pictures have been only a business, adhering to a formula of absurdly high production costs, dictated distribution, and advertisement schemes. Hollywood says that it bases its policies upon "mass taste." And here the producers and distributors have made their biggest mistake—they thought of "mass taste" as "poor taste." Yet the truth seems more likely that people go to the movies because they *like movies*, not because they like poor movies. The result, as Hollywood already has cause to know, is that people go to the movies until they have become saturated with disappointment, and they stop being patrons when they can no longer look forward to an evening of films with fresh anticipation and hope.

While we deplore the ineffectual, sporadic, and unorganized production and distribution of non-theatrical films, let's remember that these adjectives can be applied to any project which is still in the early stages of development. The fact that the non-theatrical film movement is just taking shape means that anyone who is interested can help form it. There is room for participation by interested individuals and organizations in every community. And for each of them there is hope of improving and widening the recreational value of the motion picture, as well as the educational.

Once the community has organized its non-theatrical film activities, perhaps the makers and distributors of "theatrical" films will have a chance to recognize some specific obligations to their audiences and to the communities which support them. Perhaps then Hollywood will be concerned with producing films to please many tastes, and perhaps then it will want to provide its films to the public on a more meaningful basis—both in and outside the theatres.

—CECILE STARR.

Documentary Redefined

C. A. SIEPMANN

"THE difficulties of producing and distributing 16mm. films are enormous. A hodge-podge of agencies is now in the field. Most find it too uneconomic for large or sustained investment. . . . There is no steady flow of adult films. Moreover, distribution through scattered film libraries, occasional public libraries and dealers is unprofitable and ineffective." This is the summary conclusion of the most recent study of 16mm. films, "The Information Film,"* by Gloria Waldron, a work marred by some unduly arbitrary comment—and a treatment of the documentary film which, on two counts at least, is so confusing and so damaging as to invite immediate challenge.

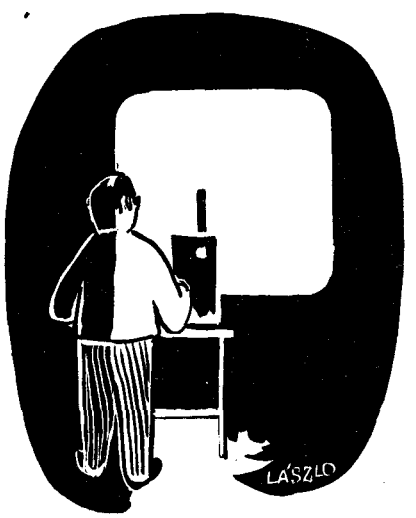
Confusion stems from a definition which, by fastening on purely adventitious attributes of documentary films, obscures what is distinctive and important about them. Documentaries are defined as including "all serious, adult, non-theatrical films." This gets us nowhere. Many non-documentary films are both serious and adult. Not all documentaries hit the theatre circuits, but some do. Industrial films come within this definition, but these are rarely documentary. The term evidently needs salvaging before its distinctive meaning is lost sight of altogether.

Makers of documentary films share with all film makers a delight in the experimental development of a unique medium. They are distinguished by their conception of the use to which their craftsmanship should be put. Like the poets and dramatists of ancient Athens, they conceive of art as constituting service to society by the enlargement of knowledge and refinement of attitudes. It is by this conception of the function of the artist that they are distinguished from most of their confrères in Hollywood. They are unwilling to subordinate their skill as craftsmen or their integrity as creative artists to the mere satisfaction of mass appetites or to the primary consideration of making money.

Beyond this the maker of documentary films has his eye on the exploitation of one among the many resources of the art of film. His concern is with the living scene and the living story. Such interest implies not merely the choice of one esthetic field of interest. It derives as much from a concern with social comment, and from perception of the fact that actuality is neutral in its significance until selectively interpreted by imaginative insight. These are the strands which, interwoven, constitute the essence of documentary film making and lend validity to Grierson's original definition of the term as the "creative treatment of actuality."

The success of a documentary film depends on the extent to which the visual portrayal of life and its subjective interpretation by the film maker are integrated. It is this integral conception of what is seen and what it is intended to convey which makes of Robert Flaherty a supreme master of the art of documentary. In all his pictures what we see is an integral part of his message. Comment on his part is superfluous and would be obtrusive.

ARTISTS at all times have in one way or another been dependent upon patronage. Makers of documentary films are at a special disadvantage here because of the high cost of film making. Today this factor of dependence unduly restricts the scope for self-expression, partly because of the now generally prevalent fear of ideas, partly, too, because of the concern of sponsors to get their own particular ideas across. The modern patron tends to attach strings to his



*THE INFORMATION FILM: A Report of the Public Library Inquiry. By Gloria Waldron. New York: Columbia University Press. 281 pp. $3.75.

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patronage of a kind which are all too often a denial of the artist's integrity. This hits the maker of documentary films particularly hard in view of the fact that the richest field for documentary films is that of social comment. Such comment nowadays, other than in a most restricted sense, is virtually taboo. Hence the present tendency for the commissioning of documentary film makers to deal in life situations at an expository rather than at an interpretative level and the consequent increasing approximation of the documentary to the instructional film.

Consider the consequences in terms of the effectiveness of two films concerned with a common problem—psychiatry. "The Feeling of Hostility" is, properly speaking, an instructional film. It is non-documentary, being at one remove from life in that the situations are contrived and the visual images subordinated to clinical exposition or the sound track. "The Quiet One" is likewise at one remove from life. Exposition likewise accompanies the film. Yet, despite these resemblances, the impact of these two films is sharply differentiated—to the advantage of the latter. In the first the artist subserved the expert. In the second the subject was no less expertly treated, but the expert was (as he should always be) on tap but not on top. An artist's insight triumphed over the subject matter and lent it a new, compelling significance. It is thus that, without doing violence to their contractual obligations, artists at all times have transcended the limitations of their allotted tasks. It is thus that integrity is reconciled with service.

Perhaps the most distressing passage in "The Information Film" is that in which Miss Waldron appears to impugn this distinctive attribute of documentary film makers—integrity. She speaks thus of propaganda in documentaries:

> A good many prominent citizens, especially businessmen and legislators, have long looked with skepticism on adult documentary-information films, because they fear that the articulate makers and users of these films are, consciously or unconsciously, propagandists of one sort or another. Many of them are. *Many of them do not hesitate to manipulate the screen in the service of their own ideologies even when the film is not intended, by subject or purpose, to do so. (Author's italics.)*

This undocumented charge is the more sinister for seeming to bespeak that theory of the artist as the handyman of other people's ideologies, which appears to have such currency today. All art is propaganda. Art and

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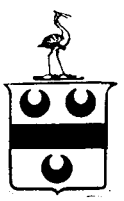
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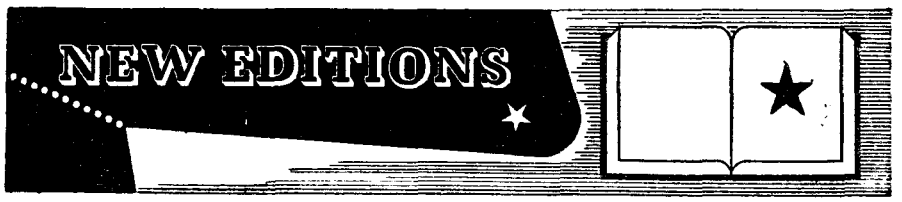
propaganda are salutary as long as they are free. Art becomes dead and propaganda deadly when prescribed by self-appointed arbiters of what are safe and dangerous thoughts.

But if the scope for documentary films is, at this moment, somewhat restricted, if also, as Miss Waldron points out, the means for their distribution are uncoordinated, prospects are far less gloomy than the reader of her book might be led to suppose. Considering their short history, considering the odds against them, and in particular the dominance of Hollywood and the general practice of all mass media to standardize mass appetites, what is remarkable is current evidence of a growing hunger for the kind of experience which documentaries provide. The growth of film councils and film societies, while still laggard, appears to be sturdy and expansive. The belated recognition of the value of films in the classroom also gives ground for hope.

Even adults need not be despaired of. Interest in films *à la* Hollywood is a teen-age preoccupation. There are more people over thirty who rarely go to the movies than those who regularly attend Hollywood's grade-labeled products. Hollywood itself is now expressing astonishment at the increasing business being done at the so-called art theatres. Community groups are year by year availing themselves increasingly of films of a documentary character.

Extrapolate the present trend only a little distance and the documentary may come into its own. Those who make them have insured their own future by seeking, not wealth or public acclaim, but modest opportunity for self-expression without surrender of integrity. From a social point of view the significance of the documentary film makers is not merely or even, perhaps, primarily the films that they produce but rather the stand they have made for the integrity of art and the true role of the artist in our society. They above all others who deal in filmcraft have seen that our sensibilities are refined and our social insights sharpened by the clothing of living facts with that significance which it is the artist's peculiar prerogative to bring to our own foreshortened and distracted view of things.

Charles A. Siepmann is chairman of the Department of Communications and director of the Film Library at New York University. His new book, "Radio and Society," will be published by the Oxford University Press in April.



HOWARD MUMFORD JONES, in his foreward to Moses Coit Tyler's "A History of American Literature, 1607-1765" (Cornell University Press, $6), says that Tyler—whose work was first published in 1878—is, among a multitude of historians of American literature, "the one enduring writer, the author whom nobody has superseded." Readers of the book which Mr. Jones introduces will not quarrel with this statement. Indeed, Tyler ranks high among the best literary historians of all ages and all countries, and his achievement is the more remarkable because of the uninspiring, often repellent, material with which he was largely concerned. The dreary waste of theological speculation and argument through which he had to travel, with studious care, would have reduced a less stout-hearted explorer to inarticulate exhaustion; but Tyler brings us his report with all the vivacity of a man returning from a happy journey through the world's best books. However dull his subject, he himself refuses to be dull. Never concealing his own boredom, he never bores, and his wit illuminates some of the darkest and driest pages of American writing. The truth, of course, is that much of the literature with which he deals is not literature at all, in the true sense of the word. It is valuable for what it tells us of our forefathers, their characters, beliefs, efforts, and tribulations—and their responses to "the various forms of nature and of life in the new world." So, in the guise of a literary history, Tyler really wrote something larger, more comprehensive, than literary history. He did it with learning, eloquence, judgment, and unfailing humor; to which was added a skill in illustrative quotation which makes his volumes incomparable anthologies as well as histories. Master of rounded periods, he was also master of the short, sharp, telling phrase, and expert in the description of style—as may be seen in his dealings with Cotton Mather, Thomas Hooker, and many others. He is endlessly quotable. But here there is no room to quote. So I can only thank the Cornell University Press for this fine edition, and look forward to a new edition of its sequel: "The Literary History of the American Revolution, 1763-1783."

Roger Fulford's "George the Fourth" (Macmillan, $3.50), first published in 1935, is a lively, vigorous, partisan biography, which shows the notorious Prinny in a far more favorable light than he has been accustomed to enjoy. Mr. Fulford hates a Whig as dearly as some men love a lord, and, blaming the Whigs for blackening George's reputation, he lays about him lustily in his effort to disprove the truth of their charges. He admits that his portly hero had many faults, but he seems to have a sneaking admiration for most of them, rather than candid disapproval; for example, instead of condemning the Prince's reckless extravagance, he insists again and again that the Government played a niggardly, penny-pinching role. This is an interesting biographical raid on a generally accepted chapter of history, and Mr. Fulford has made points that score convincingly in his subject's favor; but it is unlikely that history will be rewritten to Mr. Fulford's satisfaction—elsewhere than in his own provocative and entertaining book.

THE Oxford University Press has two many-volumed editions in train which should interest readers of this department. One is "The Oxford Trollope Crown Edition," which was recommended here when "Can You Forgive Her?," the first of "the Palliser novels" was published; the other is "The New Illustrated Dickens," distinguished by the clarity of its illustrations, printed from plates "remade from the original drawings" of the first editions. "Phineas Finn' (two vols. $8.50), with a preface by Shane Leslie, and illustrations by T. L. B. Huskinson, is the second novel of the superb Trollope edition, and "A Tale of Two Cities" ($3.50) is the latest of the handy, well-made Dickens volumes to come my way.

Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth," one of the most successful novels of our time, having been chosen Book of the Month for March 1931 and having appeared in many forms, has now passed into a new avatar, called by its publishers the Standard Edition (John Day, $3.50), and augmented by a new introduction [*SRL* Oct. 8], in which the author looks at the Chinese earth as it was when she first wrote of it and as it is today. Mrs. Buck still has faith in the sons of that earth.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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PASS TO HISTORY

(Continued from page 8)

in the Thirties the Spewacks laid their hilarious commentary on journalism, "Clear All Wires," in Russia. The characters included one flamboyant journalist of the Floyd Gibbons school and another of the essayish Walter Duranty school. At one point, as I recall it, somebody points the moral to the flamboyant reporter: "People aren't interested in news any more. They want to know what's happened."

Do they? Up to a point, yes. The people must know what has happened, and know it right, if government by free men is to go on. It is a hobble on democracy that sober, explanatory dope stories make less juicy reading than the kind of reporting that is in itself an adventure story.

We sometimes forget, in our readiness to lap up the latest sensation, that reporting at its peak can have a function as pure and a purpose as high as that of the scientist in search of truth. We sometimes forget that the only thing that keeps this world of two billion jangling, buzzing, fearful, hopeful individuals going is the picture of that world that each individual carries about in his head, plus his reaction to it. To the extent that the picture corresponds to the actual, tumultuous confusion of the earth and its people, it is possible to have self-government, peace, and prosperity. And the principal means of making the picture in any citizen's head something more than a caricature of the real thing is journalism at its most accurate and its most penetrating.

The reporter, whose business takes him to the cracks and seams and oozing sores of the social body, sees the little man in pain, and he sees the great of the earth for the stuffed shirts they sometimes are. Sometimes this makes him cynical, sometimes sentimental. Yet he practises a calling that can be second to none in nobility. For part of the time at least the reporter who knows his job, and who has a boss who realizes he is in something more than a business, has it in his power to make the fresh winds of truth blow through the minds of men. Perhaps it is not so much in derring-do as in this always painful effort to reveal some fragment of the truth that reporting has its greatness.

Herbert Brucker, editor of The Hartford Courant, *is author of "Freedom of Information."*

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THE PEARLS OF PUBLISHING

(Continued from page 19)

had been much in the news when the book was planned, and he continued to attract a good deal of press attention throughout the spring and summer months. 2) The editor, Minna Lederman, is known and respected in the field of contemporary music. She rounded up two dozen distinguished contributors to the volume, each of whom presented an interesting view of the composer. 3) The book has many "firsts" and other sales features—more than 100 photographs and drawings; the largest bibliography in existence on any contemporary composer; a comprehensive list of Stravinsky's recordings, etc. 4) The format is exceptionally handsome.

Published by Pantheon Books: I thought "The Witness," by Jean Bloch-Michel, one of the finest in recent years. The critics received the book well, and it was also given good press coverage. Yet I understand from the publishers that it has not come up to sales expectations. I believe if booksellers recommended this book to their discriminating customers, they would find a fairly brisk business creating itself. It's the kind of book that people talk about once they've read it. GEORGE PELLEGRINI, PELLEGRINI & CUDAHY.

Published by us: "The American Soldier." Vol. 1, "Adjustment During Army Life." Vol. 2, "Combat and Its Aftermath," by Samuel A. Stouffer, *et al.* This is an accounting, to the public but especially to scholars and specialists in many fields, on an effort by the Army to use techniques of social measurement as a guide in formulating public policy. In a sense it is a scientific counterpart of the Mailers, the Mauldins, the Pyles, the Herseys. We have sold 2,100 sets in six months, which is better than expected. But the epoch-making character of the work has not yet percolated to the thousands of specialists in education, industry, and public administration for whom it is as important a milestone as it is for the military and for social psychologists.

Published by Yale University Press: Excuse nomination of another university press book, but we have got religion on "Napoleon: For and Against," by Pieter Geyl, a study in historiography by the brilliant Dutch scholar who has been the most forthright and most effective opponent of Toynbeeism. The particular material here is the changing attitude toward Napoleon taken by French historians in a century or so of time. But the message—for all of us, not just for historians—is that we should search our souls pretty thoroughly before claiming that we have discovered objective truth, devoid of any subjective element. The implications of Geyl's book reach to the limits of our thinking on all current public questions as well as the facts of history. PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS.

Published by us: Published only very recently, theoretically "This I Saw: The Life and Times of Goya," by Antonina Vallentin, still has a chance. But actually the advance sales are so small that I know it won't reach nearly the audience it deserves. After all, it's the best biography there is of a very great artist, who lived in circumstances that would have destroyed a lesser genius, but which he transformed into a springboard for colossal achievement.

Published by Farrar, Straus: "Last of the Conquerors," by William Gardner Smith, a fine novel, by a Negro, about a Negro in our Army of Occupation in Germany, is a disturbing commentary on the way democracy sometimes fails to work. Extremely well written, and with something really important to say. I would like to have seen it sell 100,000 copies instead of a small fraction of that number. ROBERT K. HAAS, RANDOM HOUSE.

Published by us: Sidney Lens is a young and highly intelligent labor leader who represents what the *London Times* calls "a very discernible trend" in American trade unionism. His carefully documented history of American labor in "Left, Right and Center: Conflicting Forces in American Labor" leads him to criticize not only business management, as is to be expected, but top labor leaders as well. This naturally precludes the possibility of endorsement from either side. Therefore it is up to the American public as a whole to come to grips with the enormous problems which "Left, Right and Center" poses. It is a highly prophetic book which will have meaning for a long time to come.

Published by Harper & Bros.: Long before the end of the war a group of English writers—George Catlin, Vera Brittain, and Sheila Hodges—undertook to record acts of compassion and humanity by soldiers and civilians of all nations in the midst of war. These were published by Victor Gollancz, a man of great courage and true humanity. A similar collection was compiled in Germany by a former German soldier whose daughter's life had been saved by a British medical officer. These two collections, with additions, form the basis of "Above All Nations," edited by Devere Allen. This book should help us to maintain our faith in the spark of goodness which is said to lurk in us all. HENRY REGNERY, HENRY REGNERY CO.

Published by us: "The Age of Revolution," by J. J. Saunders, was admiringly reviewed by major reviewers in major media, and pronounced an

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exceptionally balanced and lucid picture of European developments from 1815 to the present. As a thoughtful, scholarly analysis of basic problems, we believe it merits a far greater reception than it received.

HARRIET FRIEDENBERG,
ROY PUBLISHERS.

Published by us: "Doctors of Infamy: The Story of the Nazi Medical Crimes," by Alexander Mitscherlich and Fred Mielke, which the original compilers in Germany tried so hard to suppress in this country, received most adequate attention in the press. Not only did book-review editors give it prompt and prominent notice, but it hit many editorial pages. All of this was not reflected in sales, however. Surely the theme is gruesome, but packs a social reality of primary importance to every one of us. Such a book must be kept alive in order to stem the increasing dimness of our memories of the monstrous Nazi doctrine and the horrors it gave rise to. If we forget, Hitler will indeed have won the war. As one prominent reviewer put it, "the book should be read by millions."

Published by Little, Brown & Co.: Gwyn Thomas is a writer who deserves far wider circulation than I imagine he gets. "Leaves in the Wind" is a novel of mature ideas which is at the same time compact, of charm, and feeling.

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Published by us: Not only have Msgr. Ronald A. Knox's translations of Holy Scripture sold at a rate almost alarming to our production department, but they have given a remarkable impetus to Biblical criticism. Scholars, near-scholars, and general readers of all denominations, and none, seem to have caught the excitement and taken sides with enthusiasm. Given all this, we thought Msgr. Knox's own explanation of the kind of translation he was aiming at, and his replies to his foremost critics would have had a much wider appeal than has so far been the case. It isn't as if he was the stuffy kind of scholar, or as if, at this date, anyone was likely to suppose him to be; "Trials of a Translator" is not only instructive, but exceptionally good fun.

MARIGOLD HUNT,
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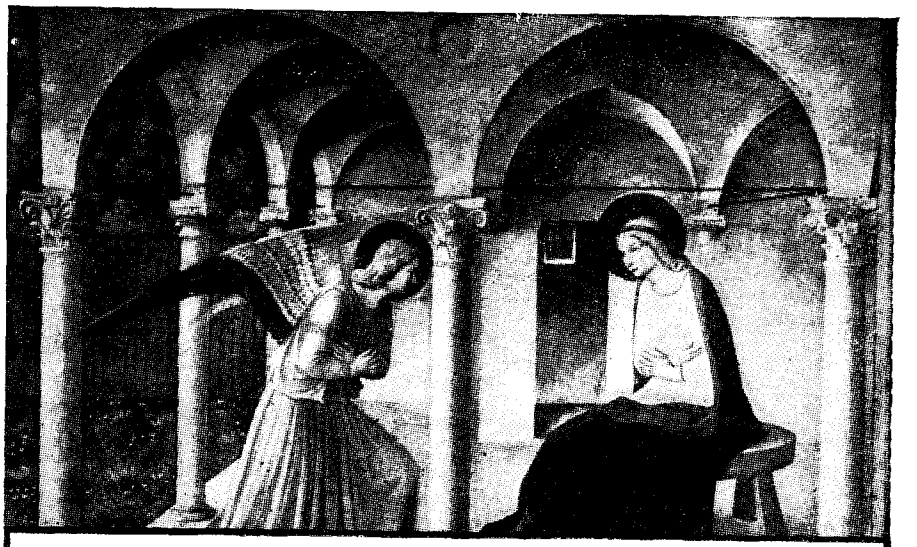
Published by us: We know of no work of the imagination in recent years that recreates so tellingly as "Epicurus, My Master," by Max



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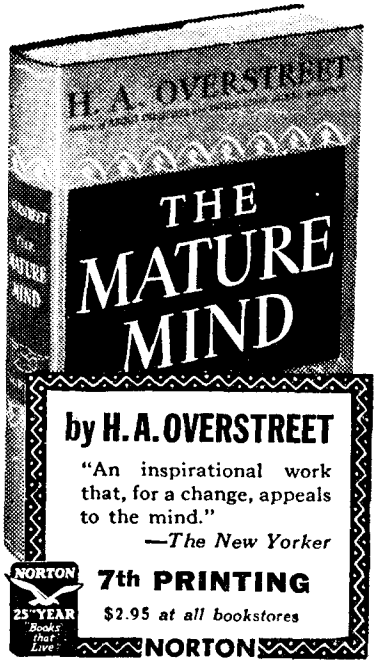

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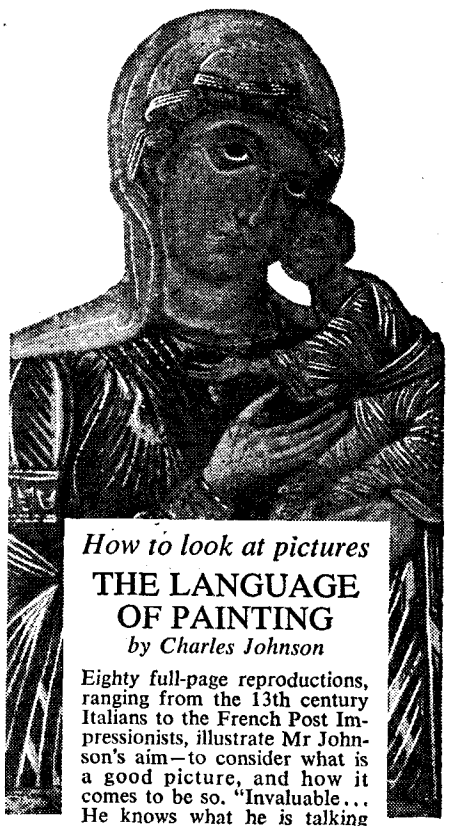

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Radin, the mood of a period in history that offers striking parallels to our own time.

Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.: Though Stringfellow Barr's history of modern Europe, "The Pilgrimage of Western Man," has had a fair sale, including a minor book-club choice, it could and should have a much larger audience. It's the best short, readable book we know to correct the ancient American delusion that history has nothing to teach, and the new American delusion that the future has nothing to offer.
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS.

Published by us: "Thy Men Shall Fall," by Sidney and Samuel Moss, was a first novel by two young men who coalesced their experiences to produce, what I still believe to be, one of the finest accounts of life as the GI saw it, to be published thus far. In the thunder and bombast that accompanied the appearance of other books on similar themes, this one was utterly lost; nor was it mentioned in the issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature* in which the first works of young American novelists were assessed.

From a commercial point of view "Thy Men Shall Fall"—to its credit—lacked the haystack episodes which are now the hot sauce that accompanies every olla podrida published. As a result, the real streak of poetry that shone throughout this prose was completely ignored. My chief concern is not that the book did not sell better, but that otherwise fairly discerning critics did not take time out to give the book the attention it merited. I have no doubt that, ultimately, Sidney and Samuel Moss will be recognized as writers of considerable talent. But a more sympathetic hearing might have spared them the anguish and tribulations that invariably beset rejected young artists.

Published by Hermitage Press: I felt that "Oedipus—Myth and Complex: A Review of Psychoanalytic Theory," by Patrick Mullahy, deserved special attention because, for the first time to my knowledge, the data on the various psychoanalytic theories were set down side by side with the plays by Sophocles, from which the famous complex takes its name. In these days, when there is so much loose talk on psychoanalysis, it seems to me important that more readers should have access to the literary fountainhead from which so many turbulent waters have gushed.

LOUIS ZARA,
ZIFF-DAVIS PUBLISHING CO.

the Phoenix Nest

WORLDS

I LOVE God's world, not Man's.
Here are the horrors, the fetid
jungle breath,
The daggered circumstance, cruelty,
death.
Yet over us those wings are heard
Blown on no sky, that bear no bird.

The human eye, the voice,
Cold though they be or often
clattering loud,
Arouse me to rejoice, out of the
crowd
Delivering from enormities.
My instant prayers go forth on these.

Man's miracles I see,
His ingenuity, creative pain,
Flickering apperception of the brain;
His purpose, pageantry and might—
His tyrannies confound my sight!

But once, I lay where sky
Was all I saw, though leaves were
rustled near.
Higher than awe is high, that
atmosphere
Taught me at once of naught and all.
I was ingathered. Heaven had no
wall. —W. R. B.

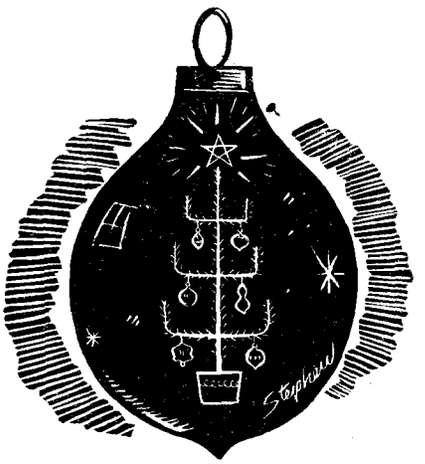
* * *

THE CLEAN OF HEART

My father was fond of telling it often. When we were young and the evening late it assumed amazing proportions, and we listened with wide-eyed, flattering interest, but now that we are older it has regained once more the interest evinced in our childhood—tempered with a maturity of heart and soul, a diffusing of things spiritual, which ever holds charm in a world gone mad, a sort of candlelight in the dark.

It happened in Syria during the feast of Little Christmas, and was a story they often told little children, that if they believed and were faithful in attending mass on that day they would see the Christ Child ride before the altar on a donkey just at the time of the Sanctus. The elders told this story, despite their many manifestations of piety, without qualms, knowing of course that it held no element of truth, no one ever having witnessed such an event.

To my grandfather, then a boy of eight, the story this night was new and held all the charm and wonder of childhood. His mother had cautioned him to behave and believe and to be ready when she called him for mass



the next morning. My grandfather had gone to bed too excited to sleep—wondering long about this story which had fired his imagination and his heart.

In the meanwhile, it was said, my great-grandfather had criticized his wife for telling this story and using it in the manner of bait, for he said it was only a sort of fairy tale and not to be used lightly in matters holy.

Hurt by this criticism my great-grandmother had stoutly defended her point and demanded he prove the story otherwise, for, said she, being Our Lord, why shouldn't He please little children in this manner if He chose, to which her husband had shaken his head in condescension and tolerance.

The church bells were ringing with wild clamor, and it was early when my grandfather wakened. Rising quickly, he was soon ready to accompany his mother and father to church. The dawn was not yet light and there were a few stars. Along the rough country roads came the familiar voices of their neighbors calling greeting to one another.

The mass was long with its chanting of many prayers and clouds of incense. My grandfather, restless with fatigue and impatience, could hardly wait for the time of the Consecration, and my great-grandfather, unaware of the child's subdued excitement, rebuked him several times for ill behavior. Soon it was time for the Sanctus and my grandfather leaned forward eagerly. Suddenly, with a delight he never knew before or after, and a joy that made his voice a quaver of tears, he cried, pointing to the altar,

"Look, look, father—I see Him!"

His father, annoyed that his son should break the still and holy silence

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in this unseemly way, and wishing to quiet him, asked foolishly, "Whom?"

"Why, the Christ Child, of course!" said my grandfather promptly, then in a matter-of-fact voice, "He rode right past the altar on the donkey just like mother said!" "But why?" he asked in innocent surprise, "didn't you see Him too?"

This was too much! All eyes in the church were upon them, and my great-grandfather felt foolish, mortified, and self-conscious. Taking the child roughly by the hand, he hurried out of church, saying in a voice almost gruff with anger,

"Be still! Such foolish, foolish talk! Don't let me hear you say such things again!"

At this, my grandfather began to cry and exclaim in emphatic, heart-broken accents, "I did! I did see Him! Truly, truly father—I did see *Him*! I'm not making believe at all!"

My great-grandfather stood hesitant for a moment, looking bewildered, angry, and incredulous, but not for long. His wife, who had witnessed the whole scene, was upon their heels.

Taking the sobbing child by the arm, she said to her husband, her voice gentle with rebuke,

"Go back into the church, Faris. I will take the child home." And to my grandfather she said,

"Stop crying, *ohmree* [or dear], I I know you saw Him!"

—Isabelle Ann Kfoury.

* * *

CHRISTMAS FORESTS

How magically on vacant corner lots
Where only dry grass stood,
They spring up overnight, fresh green
and white,
The lovely Christmas woods—
Enchanted forests where among the
trees
A questing child may roam,
Measure and touch them all, both
great and small,
Then choose and take one home.

—Frances Denning.

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—William Rose Benét.

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(*Continued on page 42*)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

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ARE YOU unconventional, female, frank? Please correspond with young gentleman. Season's greetings to you. Box 53-B.

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YOUNG MAN with good car planning month's winter vacation, seeks companion interested in driving, fishing, nature and the arts. Box 66-B.

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LIFE INTERESTING ENOUGH, but with lonely stretches. Will mature, educated male write: Box 71-B.

ELDERLY BUSINESS MAN, over 70, seeks room and bath in quiet suburban home, preferably Flatbush or Westchester County. References exchanged. J. Flannary, 150 Nassau, NYC 7.

CULTURED COUPLE, 40-37, young-appearing and in spirits, diversified experience and abilities, well-traveled, responsible, able, trustworthy. Available for interesting employment anywhere domestic or foreign. Have own automobile. Box 74-B.

COLLEGE GIRL desires position, January to March. Types, worked with children, knows Spanish, titled swimmer. Box 75-B

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL WOMAN invites correspondence from fine, intelligent, professional man. Box 76-B.

YOUTHFULLY MATURE LADY desires correspondence with mature, sincere gentleman. Box 77-B.

COLLEGE GIRL desires female companion for skiing in New England, Dec. 18-Dec. 28. Box 78-B.

LONE MALE, sub-par in gregarious and aggressive behavior would correspond with intelligent, feminine, lone female. Box 79-B.

YOUNG MAN wishes to correspond with school teacher. Box 80-B.

WANTED: sophisticated, liberal miss who would not dream of answering a "Personal". Surprise yourself and me. Box 81-B.

LADY CLIFF DWELLER invites male correspondence, hobbies, photography, theatre. Box 83-B.

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LADY LOVING LIFE, intelligent people, travel, outdoors, horses, desires gentlemen correspondents. Box 90-B.

SECURITY ESCORT, 32, ex-Army officer, international post-war experience, available immediately. Box 92-B.

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

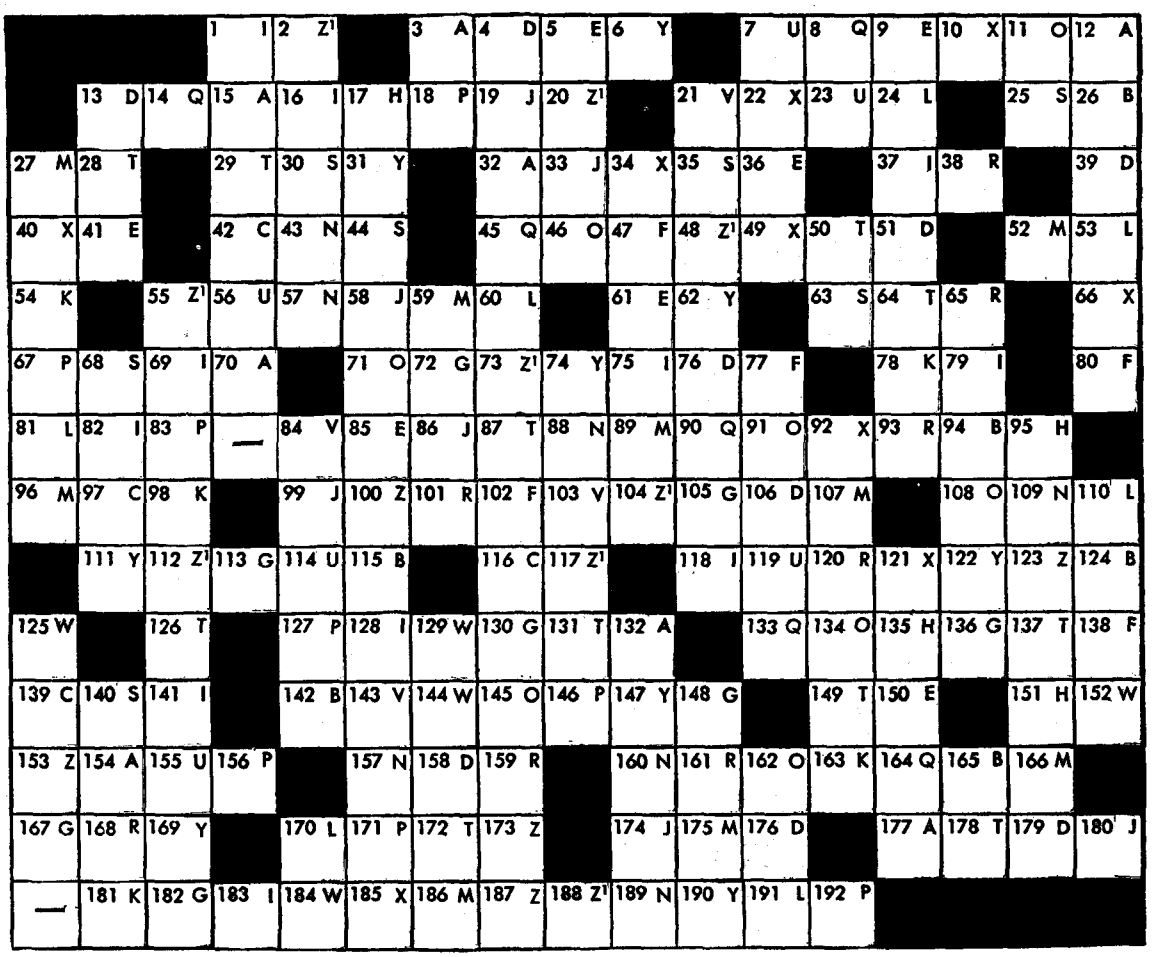
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Peak in the Adirondacks near Mount Marcy, 4,920 ft. high.	177 70 12 15 32 132 3 154
B. The Fate who spins the thread of life (Gr. myth.).	142 115 165 124 26 94
C. English Pre-Raphaelite painter (1827-1910; "The Light of the World").	42 97 139 116
D. Understrung (archery; comp.).	179 158 39 13 176 4 106 76 51
E. A muscle which rotates a part outward (anat.).	36 5 9 41 61 150 85
F. A godless city of the plain in the Old Testament (Bib.).	80 138 47 102 77
G. Rendering null and void (Roman, Civil, and Scots Law).	113 182 72 130 136 105 167 148
H. Mt. Pisgah (Bib.).	95 17 151 135
I. An old-time favorite apple of mild flavor (hort.; var. sp.).	118 16 141 82 128 79 75 37 1 183 69
J. Flowed out through an aperture too small for mass movement (physics).	86 180 174 58 33 19 99
K. Sir Thos. More's daughter who purchased her dead father's head and preserved it in spices until her death (last name).	54 78 181 163 98
L. Charlemagne's sword.	170 191 24 81 53 110 60
M. Ballad and novel by Samuel Lover.	186 96 59 107 52 166 175 89 27
N. Excessively ornate; florid; affected.	189 43 160 157 88 57 109
O. A wife.	108 162 11 71 134 91 145 46

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
P. Momentous.	146 18 156 192 67 83 171 127
Q. Shifted from one position, etc., to another.	90 8 14 45 133 164
R. Motion picture that won Academy award, 1935 (with "The"; based on novel by O'Flaherty, Irish writer).	93 120 38 168 161 101 65 159
S. Private club in the Adirondacks where Theodore Roosevelt received news of McKinley's impending death, 1901.	63 140 30 68 25 35 44
T. Athenian philosopher, founder of the Cynic school.	126 28 149 137 172 29 64 178 131 50 87
U. Soothed; quieted; calmed.	23 56 155 114 119 7
V. To confine in a narrow compass; used esp. with "up" or "in."	103 21 143 84
W. English actor in America (1901–; Shaw, Shakespeare, and other classics).	125 129 152 144 184
X. Common French expression used when the speaker expects agreement. (comp.).	22 121 66 92 49 185 10 40 34
Y. Applied in Italian painting esp. to followers of Caravaggio, Ribera, etc., who affect a very solemn tone (It.).	169 31 147 6 74 122 62 111 190
Z. Prominent Australian lawyer and statesman (1894–).	100 187 123 153 173
$Z.^1$ To expel from (an organization) in a formal or conspicuous manner (3 wds.).	104 2 188 20 117 48 112 73 55

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 41 of this issue.

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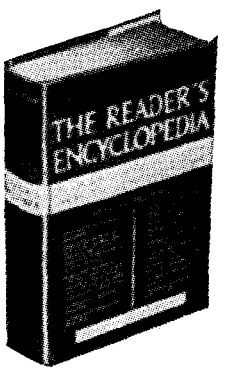

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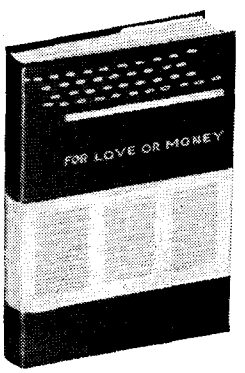

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